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*A*  
JOURNAL  
*to*  
ROSALIND



A  
JOURNAL  
" *to*  
ROSALIND



For of the soul the body form doth take,  
Since soul is form and doth the body make.

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## PREFACE

Some time ago a friend placed in my hands a collection of papers, loosely arranged in the form of a journal. "Take them and read them," he said; "do what you will with them." I accepted the opportunity; it was not long indeed before the opportunity came to seem a privilege. Here was the inner history of a great love, the story of a spiritual re-birth: the papers, as I studied them, assumed in my mind the proportions of a drama of the profoundest human import. I became convinced that other readers should share my privilege with me.

What, briefly, is this drama revealed in the "Journal to Rosalind"? A few words of interpretation may not seem impertinent.

It is the "great scene" in the life of a man who has lived much but who had never, as he tells us, until this culminating moment, sounded

the depths of his nature. The author of the journal is a man well-known in many fields—in politics, in literature, on the stage. His has been a “turbulent and many-sided” career. A democrat in economics and politics, as he says (and one whose achievements have been at the cost of many sacrifices), he is also an aristocrat in soul. He is, and has always been, an artist by nature; and this element, the most essential in him, had been checked and repressed by the exigencies of an all too busy life. It is the renaissance, the re-creation of his spirit “in the wonder of a great joy” that we see coming to pass in this journal. “You,” he writes, “are the wonder-worker who makes a man to fit your majesty.” In the influence of this love he has become what he had scarcely even hoped to be, “a garden all bloom, a flower all fragrance, a bird all song, a soul all joy.” He finds himself at last filled with the “free man’s courage,” his finest instincts have been stirred to activity, he is suddenly ripe for the harvest of a long, wide and deep experience of life. His faculties have come together in a swift ecstasy: he has

become "like a glistening star on a brilliant night at sea."

Shall I trace this drama step by step? A few phrases will suffice. "I was a spiritual wreck," he writes, "thrown up by the gales of disappointment on to the rocky, jagged crags of political despair, artistic chagrin and spiritual starvation, . . . an old hulk, a memory of what might have been, a thing suggesting vast possibilities lost. You salved me—you did what others thought impossible. You, you alone, drew me from the rocks of oblivion and set me once more sound and taut on the waves of great endeavour." Again: "The rosy hopes you bring are those which I not long ago buried as wholly or in part unrealizable." Again: "The useless past is now a fruitful river bearing rich cargoes." One motto of the book indeed might be: "Out of the mire of worthless effort up to the work-dream of my youth." The artist, through the lover, has come into his own, he feels "a new possession of essentials": "You have brought me," he says, "back through a mystery to the loveliness of art." Love has at

last enabled him to possess the best in himself and share it with humanity.

And, as always happens when the spirit is incandescent, he finds himself, this lover, a spokesman of reality, of spiritual truth. "We submit," he says, "to a world of ideas already made. . . . All nature gives the lie to our system of life." With the seers he has discovered that "without full expression there is no living." He has found and he proclaims the secret of "that grace which preserves the spirit in its glow and the mind from satisfaction and decay." It is the grace of the poet, a grace to which the poet in every man responds. The poet in many will, I think, respond to this journal. They will remember, above all, perhaps, these beautiful words, dictated by the supreme experience of a life and reminiscent of Goethe: "The tender green will some day clothe our wishes so long as the sap of big desire is there to animate our souls."

B. U.



A JOURNAL TO ROSALIND



## A JOURNAL TO ROSALIND

*Tuesday, September 13.*

The early mornings these days are far too beautiful for me to enjoy without you. It seems like selfishness to be glad and rejoice in the wonder of the quiet, sunny hours. Sol has been pouring yellow rays into my room since six o'clock, and I have lain lazily listening to the song of the light wind in the thick leafy trees. Only the sound of a footstep in the passage now and then breaks the harmony of the sea and forest music. Listening intently for a few moments I catch the sound of breakers—I fancy sometimes I can hear the sands rushing through the wavelets as they recede from the shore. It is a wonder morning—full of bright life. There is something of the magic of a spring day in it. The air exhilarates and taunts the blood. My window wide open all these

days lets in the fine air to burnish my flesh. It is stimulating to stand quite still, but taut, and catch now and then the air coming from shadowy nooks, where the sun has not yet pierced a way in, and feel the quick sting of autumn's chillier breath. I have happy moments. I am alone and you are well.

The paper tells me the Symphony begins shortly. Will you take me? This winter you are going to know music and love it. I am to pour out what is in me into your soul. A new life is coming to you. I have discovered something very interesting. Without music it is well-nigh impossible to throw off the garments of tradition, for music is the universal voice. It knows no law—moral or non-moral. It breathes its own desire without let or hindrance. Its ethic is fundamental, universal, eternal. It translates into one cosmic tongue the yearnings of the world-soul and surmounts all barriers of nationality. You know the language of the forest, the voice of the hills, the bourdons and diapasons of the sea, then why not know the language of the composer when he tells all their

stories in musical terms? You must let yourself go, my love. What depths lie in you! You contain miracles of expression. Don't be afraid—just express yourself. It is the only justification for living. Indeed without full expression there is no living.

I never rise to greet a morning like this without believing firmly all Nature gives the lie to our system of life. It seems to say, "See, sun, air, land and sea rejoice in full expression of their powers!" Is it not so? Think of the heat of this summer. Think of the wild blasts of last winter's icy gales. Think of the lightning and the torrential rains, the deafening thunders, the inky black heavens driving before the cyclone! All, all express their powers. And yet this smiling morn falls like a refreshing benediction on the soul of almost expressionless man. But would we know its charm, its exquisite beauty, if we had not known its different ways, its many variations? One fine, pure morning, in a long life, in which full expression has been wrought, makes up in God's reckoning for all the real frailties of our days.

*Later.*

Civilization must be the fulfillment of the original curse. I know no other way to account for it. The hand of eternal justice is upon us. I hear the heavens thunder, "I made ye in my image, I fashioned ye as free as sky and sea, and ye would not trust my handiwork. Man destroys the goodliness of his Creator's work. Man crushes the spring out of his heart, stamps the summer out of his soul, afflicts his mind with restraints and fears, when I, his Maker, will him to be Free."

The change is coming, my own love, and we are to be change-makers. We shall not live in vain. Our ideals will somehow go out from us and find a resting-place in the souls of the wretched, rich and poor alike, and we shall see light like the gold which gleams about me this fair morning shine in eyes fixed on the dawn of Liberty.

Bless you, my beloved, for the new hope you have breathed into my soul.

*September 23d.*

My soul has been struggling through thunder clouds since you left me this morning. It is strange how sometimes I feel you are far, far away though you are at my side. So it was to-day. You were pre-occupied, perhaps—you must be often enough with all the tasks that beset you. I had a feeling that it would be better if I could slip away—or drop out of sight for a little while, leave you to yourself so that you might give your undivided attention to those things I know must occupy your mind. I say to myself, “Go away, my beloved must have some relief, some rest.” But I don’t go. Selfishly I seek every moment to be near you. How conscious I am at times that I am utterly selfish, so thoughtless in these things, that my unwisdom is not kind to you. Yet I never grow wise. My resolutions are mere bubbles which burst at a kiss, often at sight of you. You are so good, so generous. I am afraid I impose.

*Friday evening.*

It seemed so strange to hear you say your



love was making you selfish. . You have spoken about "selfishness" before, but not in connection with your love. I have always smiled when you have referred to that subject. You and "selfishness" are opposite poles. If there be one fault in you it is that you are wholly unselfish. My darling, I have often wished to tackle this subject. Somehow I have refrained, for it opens up so many other questions I fear to touch upon.

Let me say at once that I was born with an inordinate supply of "selfishness." As a child I was conscious of that trait. But as I grew up to manhood I discovered it was only a desire to be left alone. I don't remember craving very much for what others had. This I know: the more I have given in politics, the drama, business, etc., the less I have been paid. But, thank God, my actions have seldom been actuated by the thought of what I would earn. Artist or not, I had at all times an artist's mind. There was wisdom enough in me to make me realize that such a life as mine, a life of hard labour, turmoil, everlasting change, could not



produce an artist. Well, I have given thirty years of my life to make up for the deficiencies of youth. Yes, given. For what I have learned (not earned, for learning is after all the lasting remuneration, not earning), I have given freely away. I could have been so selfish—without any effort, indeed.

*Later.*

I often wonder if philosophers have the slightest idea how fascinating is the desire to hoard what one has learned of life that is new. To gloat in silence over some discovery, or some forgotten truth. The miser of knowledge is not unlike his fellow who hoards gold. They differ, however, in this respect: knowledge is not so easily gained as gold.

What little cash I got seldom went to gratify any deep desire of mine. Traveling cost me little; my journeys were usually paid for in advance. My brains won locomotion for me. Do you know I have often renounced the joy of a new golf ball? After I left the opera I began a life of stint and soon crushed out of

me every money-spending impulse that formerly led to companionship, music, books, and so on.

I can only gauge my own selfishness by that of my intimates. Still I am full-blooded, much stronger, more pleasure-loving than my friends. Denial is no virtue to the ascetic. I, however, claim no virtue. Sheer necessity compelled denial in me.

To put my record into years it might run this way: from 19 to 34 labour, study, pleasure, penury, learning how to live, escaping hunger and death, some creative work, a book, a play, a libretto, some verse: total, not worth adding. From thirty-four to to-day—art, causes, politics, journalism: total, not worth adding.

Progress—still on the road, footing it, thank God, though it makes me sweat blood, as it did to-day, when I felt very conscious of how far I have to go yet.

What has been gained? You!

You, my beloved, are my reward.

Love is come into my life to warm it, sustain it, strengthen it. She lifts up my soul. Art is seen again through her. Yes, my face was bit-

ter last year. You noticed that? You should have known the state of my soul. Perhaps my face reflected the bitterness it suffered.

Really, "unselfishness" carries no force. Unselfishness is a negative virtue; it lacks personality, command, resource. Besides, it cannot bless others in the higher sense, for it begins with the notion of solving other people's difficulties without their attempting to solve them for themselves. It presupposes inertia in others; it accepts weakness, inability, cowardice; it encourages selfishness.

Sympathy is something else. You have sympathy. When I say you are "unselfish" I really mean you are sympathetic. I have always marveled at your amazing sense of understanding. I know now all about it: your deep sympathy lies at the base of it. Strange, indeed, that I never could unravel this problem until now. Yes, my lovely one, you gave me another view of life and all the complexities of heart and mind were brushed aside. I saw you in another light. Jesus, Nietzsche (at Genoa), St. Francis passed by and smiled on you. My

heart was very sad. I thought of those who cannot help themselves—the crippled children. The world of woe I have known so well rose up again before me and called me back. Then I was conscious of the bitterness through which my soul had passed since the war smashed all my work. The fatalism I had accepted in my hour of despair had taken deep hold. But yesterday set things right again.

Thanks, dear, dear love. Sympathy. Imagine the utter absurdity of saying Jesus was unselfish! Sympathy is quite different: it includes understanding—grace and good-will.

So—I shall be sympathetic and selfish.

The word selfishness has been given many meanings. In the Old and New Testaments it is seldom used. I think it should only be used in the sense of gluttony, excess, ease, lust, etc. The word seems to carry with it the idea of stomachic joy.

I shudder sometimes at the eulogies of your dearest friends. They know you for your most obvious traits—at least, that is the way they impress me. Kindness, loyalty, constancy, and

resource: these they know. Certainly no usual combination in one woman. Indeed it is rare to find all these virtues in one person. But I have not met one who knows all your charm, refinement, artistic sense, true grace, beauty of soul, comprehension. Neither relative nor friend seems to have seen these characteristics. The multiplicities of your nature are not known to them.

No, our loving can do harm to none. We shall bless relative and friend. Our happiness will reach others, it will warm them, revitalize them by its glow.

There is a quiet joy lying over my heart to-day. It is like the balm of your lips, the unction of your sublime sympathy.

*Wednesday morning.*

I went for a long walk last night. It was perfect: clear, cool, still. I roamed all about the place and nearly got lost. The lake was brooding, only the faintest surge rippling on the shore. I was not well, so ill at ease, my mind charged with thousands of thoughts of you and

your safety. But what a charm a clear, still night has upon a restless mind! I came back soothed and slept.

“Come to me in my dreams.” You came, but oh, so troubled the dream!

I said I would let no one come between me and my work. I said that some years ago. Dear me, there is no work now without you. What an astounding change! Day and night now depend on you. I shall never know a tranquil day while you are out of my reach. The fears, the anxieties that hourly possess me, when you are away, torture me beyond endurance sometimes. I was never lonely—not since I was a child; but now loneliness comes upon me and settles all over me like a Highland mist. It drenches me with its vapoury chill. It makes me feel utterly deserted. Why is it? I ask myself that question over and over again. I don’t know. I always wished for loneliness—the quiet of solitary existence so that I might work in peace, but this is different. This is loneliness without the desire to work.



*September 29.*

What heavenly nights. Luna at her fullest and brightest. You will revel in the silver sheen of harvest evenings. Do you ever hear me calling you? I wonder. When I am quite alone and all is still I let myself sink into almost nothingness. Perhaps I become a void which is all soul—ethereal space—like the desert on a stilly night. Then a cry I feel but do not hear goes out and pierces the segment of the deep blue dome of night. Just one name surges up from the dungeon of my being and travels far, far into the love-laden sky. It must reach you—not your ears, perhaps, but your soul.

I find relief in Prometheus. It is mighty verse. Brave Shelley! He knew, didn't he?

"I dare not speak like life, lest Heaven's fell king  
Should hear, and link me to some wheel of pain  
More torturing than the one whereon I roll."

The first scene of the second act is a marvelous tapestry of glowing beauty wrought in all the colours of glorious morn and the slumbrous West, when Phœbus sings on the bosom of calm

ocean. Shelley knew with a lover's intimacy the tenderness of Nature's fingers. The semi-chorals of the second scene are exquisite numbers; they reveal a knowledge of sounds and movements which proves how close Shelley's ear always was to the finest strains sung by Nature herself. "There the voluptuous night-ingles" is like a motive falling and rising in a symphony of pure melody,—like the glory and the pain of the great andante in the second movement of the Unfinished.

For absolute joy is there anything in or out of literature which surpasses the rhapsody of the Second Faun? Read it. I know it well. But every time I drink in the pure beauty of the lines I thrill anew with ecstasy. Can't you imagine how Francis Thompson shouted and laughed in rich red joy when he saw that divine description of the dwelling-place of the Spirits "which make such delicate music in the woods"?

Oh, my beloved, you—you and no one else—have brought me back through a mystery to the loveliness of art.



*Tuesday evening.*

I told you to-day great changes had taken place in me this year; astonishing changes, some inconceivably wonderful.

How and why these changes could be effected in a mature character is a whole history in psychology. It is not, however, necessary for the present purpose to consider the antecedents of the change—the new condition occasioned by the change is the important thing.

Some time last spring, I know not the day or hour, I was born again. Again, is literally true, for I was fully conscious at the hour of new birth of the life I had formerly lived—only a few weeks or months gone by. I know I was the same in shape and growth; to all appearances the same man. But many transmigrations had taken place, and though the same body was recognized by my intimates, I realized everything within me was new. The change was fundamental—the old essentials were gone.

My emotions were new. I felt despair deeper, I reached joy higher than before. Gladness brought new colours. Humour was

finer and pain keener. My sensibilities were more refined, more sympathetic, more quickly stirred.

Spiritually I was made anew. The fundamental change was a renaissance—a new possession of essentials thrilled me.

And now the creature of your joy or pain lives only when it is near you. It dies when it leaves you as a flower droops after sunset, but lives again at sunrise—when you smile on it once more. You, then, are the essential, the indispensable sun, vitally necessary for the life's happiness and duration of your creature. It must give whatever fragrance it has up in scented waves to you. Whatever beauty of soul it has must be immolated on the altar of your shrine. Nothing else in all this world matters but you and it. It is a tendency, and its self-preservation is in your keeping.

Did you shape me according to the height of your heavenly desire? Tell me, what magic did you employ in shaping me, spiritually, mentally and physically, to be one ever vibrating thought of you?

*October 4.*

Last night when I got to my room I sat quite still for a long time thinking of the future. I was far away—far, as things are—in a time when we shall have none of the restraints which now seem so cruel to me. I see happiness when I stand on tip-toe and look over the present barrier. Yet, how often I stand flat-foot and bent and see only the barrier itself. What is the matter with me so often is a craving that nothing can satisfy for a single moment but your presence. I have told you many times that I was a lonely boy, one thrust in upon himself, and that my yearnings were downright realities which caused pain, sorrow or joy. “Why are you crying?” some one would say, and I could give no answer. But I had something very definite to cry about, there was a real grief in me. So now I find with you, the personification of all my dreams of wonderland, that wanting or not getting, or not seeing, not finding, make up the sum of my existence; my hour, my day, is clouded or bright solely according to the conditions in which we are placed.

*Thursday evening.*

Somehow I can never really enjoy charming, pleasurable things without you. I feel you should share with me the joys of landscapes, sunsets, and fine sights.

You who can describe the sky and land so deftly should have seen the sunset last night. The colouring was sublime. There were so many softening tones running the gamut of cold blue to warm melting blue greens into faint yellow. Down on the horizon a great splash of deep red emblazoned with flame a mighty cloud of wondrous plummy pearl high up in the deep blue. That one bank of cloud glittering with all the hues of the horizon was sole monarch of the calm sky.

It was your yellow that sent a pang of regret through me.

The new moon showed faintly like a sliver of pale pearl away to the south. I watched it brighten as the rich lights faded on the horizon.

It is quiet and beautiful this morning. A maple is near, daring to turn yellow. And I

want my love, my dear sweet mate. All of me cries out for her this morning.

You have discovered to me depths in my nature which make all passions and efforts past pale into mere incidents of ordinary intellectual endeavour. You have plumbed my soul. A word or two from you can inspire me with ideas I never before possessed. You don't know the miracle you have wrought. Anyway, you possess what you inspire, and the best you have found in me belongs solely to you. Is it strange that I should fight to keep what I have won? Strange to win the owner of the power that gives me life? Who would take away my breath? Who would turn the current of my blood from my heart?

You are the wonder-worker who makes a man to fit your majesty. You have taken a poor unworthy creature and breathed new spirit into him, given him inspiration and endowed him with a higher mind.

Sweet, I am sensitive and proud. I am vain in my own exclusiveness. Democrat though I be in economics and politics, I am an aristocrat

in soul. Now, think, I have to face the crowd and lay myself open to the criticisms of all and sundry. One question affecting my own intimate behaviour would have been enough to make me shun the platform forever. That has been my position ever since I faced the mob.

Now all is radically changed. I might never have existed before. You have wrought a cataclysm. For myself—nothing matters. Everything in me, associated with me, depends solely on you. No less an aristocrat spiritually—more, far more, in higher ways—I fear nothing so long as you do not suffer. I would go through hell for you. I do go through hell for you. I trod every one of its labyrinths last night. The thought of you, and all you mean to me, bears me up and I rise smiling at the brighter prospect. In the old life it was a series of beginnings,—with a few things accomplished, but the longings unsatisfied, the fair sweet wishes to do something well. Never mind, they belong to the future now. And there lies all my hope. The thought of you



gives me courage, strength to face the bitter impatient hours.

I bless you for the tears and pains of loneliness. They wash my soul white. Perhaps you do not know the loneliness you have bequeathed to me. It cannot be helped and, in the circumstances, I would not have it otherwise. Worship is for the lonely—that is why God gave us the mountains for communion, and the desert where we may bow down and lay our souls bare to Him.

Our love is wonderful. Love is always wonderful, but ours is exceptionally so.

*October 7.*

Itself! That is what appeals to me in the desert. It is the place of fasting where true communion lies. Its vast reaches of silence contain a spirit which speaks as surely to the anxious wearied soul as that of the hills. But the desert runs to low horizons and there the sun rises and sets at one's feet. Then the airs come mysteriously out of the pockets where no clouds seem to gather. The desert has a soul

at rest even when the storms pass across its face. But to understand the desert and its spiritual grandeur I feel one must adopt some of its freedom. There no paths are set straight for wandering feet, no boundaries hem one in, no by-law says "this far and no farther," no regulation says "keep to the right." All is open, serene and noble. It breathes the sublime faith in our dominion and discretion. It is ourselves without convention and its restraints. The desert means to me thought, not talk; it is of the real; it is subversive of externals and appearances. There the world is overthrown and a man can only endure it when he realizes that he stands there face to face with God.

How we have forgotten the desert! We have turned our backs on it in the so-called civilizing processes of the ages. Long ago wise men came from the desert; before the Baptist went in search of Him who gave men the law of culture, the great thinkers realized the desert could give to them what the haunts of men did not contain. Profound contemplation is to be experienced only in the desert.



*Later.*

My mind is too, too full of you. Each minute is charged with a thousand conflicting moods, each mood a world of thought in itself. So now to catch some of the stirring, deeply disturbing ideas your image conjures up and set them down! Verse eludes me to-day, my life's rhythm is out of joint; it is disconnected and syncopated, with strange discords—double flats and sharp minors. . . . I have tried reading. Here is Bergson. What is this ailment? Why this soul-sickness? While spring is in our hearts, while the sun gleams in our souls, while our days are full and the nights are crowded with heavenly bliss! Listen. I'll read to you:

“God has nothing of the already made;  
He is unceasing life, action, freedom.”

There is a great text for this room. That is it! Bergson prescribes by reminding us of our antiquated notions. “God has nothing of the already made.” And yet we submit to a world of ideas already made by older mortals when we came forth. It is rank blasphemy. Our

God is convention; we know no Creator. Our ritual has been manufactured—from Manu to Calvin. Our mind is not God-given; it is priest-made and priest-ridden. We are free only within the narrow confines of our own social compounds. There is no heavenly health in us. We stand aghast at the promptings of our souls; we dare not let our minds work out logically all our natural, God-bequeathed desires demand. What sorry wrecks we make of our better selves! It is monstrous. And yet we know quite well there is nothing already made about us—we are souls in the making. There is scarcely a moment we can not use for spiritual development. What was I a year ago? A man sick—very sick, spiritually, mentally, physically. Who healed me? You laid the balm of your loveliness and grace upon my wounds and made me whole.

*Wednesday evening.*

It came at eight o'clock. I was asleep, and the knocking on the door startled me. After I signed the receipt and discharged the boy, I

gave myself up to the joy of reading the first letter. When the counterfeit presentment fell from it, I was warmed at once. So the lovely figure was beheaded! But I have the head.

Last night I read of yellow primroses and purple violets, dull brown foliage and restful grayness. And of a yearning for sun and warmth. Beautiful passages that showed her descriptive power and an eagerness to see into the heart of nature's loveliness. Sun, sun—always sun was what I gathered from her writings. Would she try to impart some of that great desire to mortals who know only the rain which falls incessantly in their soul? I feel sure she would give much happiness if she wrote a book about the sun and what Phoebus means to her.

*October 9.*

There is a picture at my side, and out of it strange, intellectual, deep, changing eyes look at me and seem to follow my movements. An expression of earnest inquiry comes at moments, and sometimes the eyes are sad, and then again they smile. Wisdom as profound as Erda's

seems to be behind the shining veil which would hide the secret in the soul. It is the mouth—the reposeful yet humorous mouth—in two slight brackets sweetly disposed that tempers the austere chin and softens the eyes in moments of grave questioning.

I wonder! What is the question? Those eyes can search the inmost soul of one who is ready to lay it bare. There can be no secret there. But the secret is elsewhere—in the soul behind the eyes which look on me. That quest is the enterprise which runs down all eternity.

*October 11.*

The rain was in the heart before the light passed from the earth, and darkness came laden with the dews of the soul. Poor afflicted soul! It yearns for nightless days. And well it might, having known fair heavens in shining eyes. The only peace which can come in sombre hours is that which love in gracious arms can bring; and rest is confident dreaming close-twined to a happy breast. To live in the wonder of a great joy, to recreate in memory the marvels of

silences full of deep throbbings, the broken sentences of questionings vague and sad, the mute philosophies of fugitive expressions passing across a sweet face in moments of doubt, and joy, and pain, these things which heap up the sum of unfathomable happinesses come gleaming into the mind which would live it all again. And there in the store-house of past joys and pains are all the infinitesimal details of the marvel that was wrought. That joy is beyond recreation! But in ourselves, in the inmost heart, in the deepest soul, there lie all the powers to live in very truth through like wonders over again. It is indeed the strength which is given in such joys that binds the future securely and gilds the great cloud which hides the firmament's glory and depth.

Love was ever in expression a metaphor commingled, and those restrictions which check the coursing pen must be held accountable for the ambiguous. Freedom is, you see, the very fount of love. Its gushing waters turn away whenever they are checked. Naturally, they would leap up into the heavens and at their

height fall, like sprays from Celia's lap refreshing the parched and languorous earth, each drop descending like a demand to every dormant impulse to make and beautify the world. So the poet must have freedom, and as the soul is the true poet, liberty is the cry of a shocked and tortured soul.

"I would write a thousand songs," the poet cries, "but I must see her face to face." So the anguish of the shackled child of our modern Idalia is spent. Nature in all her gracious bounty beckons and will not be restrained. And the poet knows and feels. She waves her happy arms toward him all through the years of his strength, moving him to come to her and be really free. Fast some strange chain holds him down, and he, not conscious where the fetter grips him, tugs and writhes in the days of his energy in vain.

"I must see her face to face," he cries. "She is my thought, the very texture of my mind. Let me go!" Starving child denied fulness in sight almost of heavy-laden harvests. What a mockery! The God-like mind and soul are



pinioned in a world which knows not song. And so he chafes and rails against he knows not what. All the inspiration, fancy, imagination of his intellect cry out for food. There is nature—sometimes like a Greek maiden with bright eyes, with soft white arms and restful breasts, waiting for him to explain her to posterity—and sometimes, she stands like a star in the heavy blue of night, radiant in her own loveliness, full of yearnings, with eager desire to give her own true worth to long generations of singers. He knows all this—and more, and more. He knows he must see her face to face. He knows he must feel her warm enlivening breath upon his cheeks. Who knows better than he that he must take her in his arms, enfold her in his soul, fill his heart with her, kiss her smiling lips when the day is begun and kiss her when the drowsiness of even comes with the spent day? All this—and more, so much more.

Shelley broke his chain and flew to her. He saw her face to face. And we would not know Shelley if he had not the free man's courage. Yes, once she is seen face to face the world lies



new-made and a fresh glory rises from the earth. For those who are not worthy to touch his shoes there is left still a love perhaps as great, and a desire to see her face to face as deep as ever Shelley knew—though the pen fall in impotence to describe her.

*Tuesday.*

How sweet it is to let these thoughts of your tenderness linger in my mind while they set a-glowing all the embers of memory! In such a mood an hour goes by soft-footed, scarcely noticed. I sit and nurse these thoughts as doting mothers nurse their sleeping children: tender babes wrapped in the love of sweet subjection. These children of mine, sprung from you, are my true companions; they are constant, loyal, and brave. They cheer me in such hours as these when you, fair mother of them all, are far away. They come to me in moments of despondency and pluck oppression from my heart; they bring relief from sorrow; they soothe away my deep anxieties. They turn their bud-like lips up to my mouth, and whisper in each kiss, "Be brave, she thinks of you."

Then I warm myself at the fires of resolution, planning how, through absence, absence may be overcome.

*October 14.*

It was all in the process of a god-like reclamation. But the already made says you should not have done it. Was there ever such blither? Did He who gave us being, choice, inclination, lay any embargo on selection? Never! Only man restricts; God is generous.

Unceasing life He must be, for are we not each a world of unceasing life? A million processes are now at work in me—moving toward disintegration, to pass through it again to combination and construction. Oh, to live unceasing lives of action while our eyes melt before the radiance of our loves! To see morn and noon and night in the face of the beloved one. I see God when I look deep into your eyes.

It is restriction at which the soul revolts. We are in continual upheaval against restriction, though we are not always conscious of it.

All philosophy, all metaphysics, gives the lie

to the social code. Indeed, we ourselves every day mutter in our souls, "The system is a colossal lie from beginning to end." So our souls become ill, impatient, unhappy. Is it not so?

Who said (Lowell, I think)—"To think one's self free is to be free"? But freedom is more than thinking one's self free. I have been free for a long time now. But unless my love be free, what good is freedom to me? Life without you is useless.

*October 16.*

I have been looking for an old lecture on the drama I read years ago to a certain literary society. I found it in the rough, as I had sketched it out in 1898. . . . I read it through and then thought of all I wished to do twenty years ago—all I wished to do and could not realize. And now my mind is more fertile than it was then. I see more clearly, further ahead. Am I now to do some of the things I have wished to do? My love, you will help me, won't you? I must work for someone. For you! There will be happiness in it for you—

for me, too. Reviver of my youth, is it any wonder that I love you with all my heart and mind and soul?

*Eight o'clock.*

I am a firm believer in youth: fresh intelligence and young minds that will readily take good impressions. In my varied career I have too often seen the man of fifty wilfully conserve ideas because they have served him well. To shut out innovation because it might scrap the old is the fault of many men past middle life. They do not keep young.

*Friday.*

If I could make her happy, give her something worth all her splendid giving! But that is impossible. I can only try, just try, to make her happy. To see those dear soft cheeks glow, to see her fine eyes light with pleasure and watch the smiles of joy wreath her bonny mouth—well, that will be something. How I shall work when I can get the chance!

11 P. M.

Can you imagine how interested I am in the young? You see, I have my own hard youth to look back upon. The sheer struggle to learn something essential under vast disabilities has taught me this much. Goethe was right—he that has not eaten his bread in sorrow, knows ye not, and so on. The sorrows of mental struggle are the real ones, because they are the very stuff of which our real life is woven. To know and produce. What else is worth while? If one seeks knowledge one cannot fail in usefulness to one's kind. Then there is the great satisfaction of having something new to learn every day. The great tragedy of our existence is lack of purpose, emptiness of mind. Soul's starvation is worse than stomach hunger—so I have learned. Love, which is the highest we can reach, is fuller, more beautiful, richer when it thrives in a heart that knows a well-trained mind.

*October 19.*

How strangely the thing I do easily pulls in the direction I do not want to go. Speech is

my siren! But I shall win and go the way I have chosen. Speech! Who remembers a speaker? He stirs the people sometimes and they may remember his words until another comes and stirs them. But nothing said endures like the written word.

*October 20.*

You are life in all its beauty and delight. Loveliness is not unless it be you, tenderness never was until you kissed me, and no face ever shone so brightly as yours shone to-night. It is you, yourself, who are responsible for all my moods and my desires. I am just the creature of your will. I am the action of your thought. You are the sun of my universe—I suffer all the changes of seasons with your evolutions. Draw near me and I am a blossoming garden. Recede a span and gloom settles over me, and the farther you withdraw your warmth the more cold I suffer.

What can I do to show my love how benign is her love? How shall I prove my love for her? In this fact only, that I am all her



own, that she can do with me just what she pleases.

*Wednesday morning.*

My mind is full of the beauty of your wonderful self, and I linger over each dear thought of you with a clinging joy which will not let one go until another comes to be caught in the winding tendrils of memory.

You make me speechless when I am with you. Words cannot tell what my soul would say of you. Last night I was too happy, too overjoyed, to tell you. Thoughts came gushing from my mind too fast to clothe in words. A torrent of love poured out of my soul too swift, too strong for me to check while I gave it expression and guided it in speech to your ears.

*25 October.*

How very strange it is that I should want you so constantly. You have completely bewitched me, cast some lovely spell over me, which has put an end to thinking of anything but you. "I am your universe," you have said,



“and you shall have no other thought but of me.” And I have no other thought. I haven’t the slightest inclination to spend an hour on anything which does not directly concern you. But this universe of yours is higher, wider, and deeper than the one which formerly occupied my thought. It is illimitable, like my love for you. It is so full of glory my eyes have sight only for its colours.

You sent me away on a cloud of gold last night. What a strange creature you have made of me! You can, with a word, fill me with delicious light.

Are we not indivisible? Am I ever really a thing apart from you? I wonder, even in my hours of anguish, have I once been parted from you? . . . You have stripped me naked of all passions past, of all notions of self-sufficiency. I stood alone, now I fall without your love. I locked myself within the portals of my own soul, and said to all, “Keep out.” Now you explore my soul’s most secret recesses and I cry, “Keep in.” There you have found me, the one unknown to all—yes, scarcely known to me, my-

self. And what have you discovered? Joy, sorrow, laughter, tears, pleasure, pain, mirth, melancholy, vast emotions filling worlds of wonder—all stirred or soothed by you.

*Morning.*

Last night you laid your lips upon my heart and told it to beat in peace. It was as if an angel fluttered into a wild aching soul and shed healing herbs upon its sad distress.

Only those who have passed through terrible tests of spiritual and material vicissitude, through heart-breaking ordeals, through bitter disappointment in the realm of the ideal can know what they have endured in escaping destruction. It has been said such men are saved from madness because memory fails to revive the sensations of the time: the mind will not go through the same trial a second time. With me it has been somewhat different. I schooled myself at an early age to pass without regret and complaint to the next thing my hand must do. I don't mean I was always successful in this respect—far from it; bitterness often re-

mained for a long time. Still, I don't think I have wasted much thought on my many failures, some successes, and innumerable disappointments. Usually when I was struck down I got up again, no matter what was the state of bone, flesh, mind, heart or soul. I faced up to the antagonist—I never withdrew. I knew retreat meant worse than death. Retreat of the individual is humiliating to God. I once said in some speech, "Retreat from an ideal is desertion to tyranny,—it is betraying the hopes of liberty to the minions of oppression."

Retreat I have never known. Never have I conceded one jot of principle to convention. The drilling I have given myself has meant material discomfort; the loss of popularity and of the advantages of position and office. Well, no one can say of me that I ever thought more of my material well-being than of the success of my cause.

Now what has all this to do with the rosy hopes you bring as you did last night? This: You have sent my mind like a shuttle whizzing back and fro in memory's machine weaving new

fabrics from rejected or forgotten material. The useless past is now a fruitful river bearing rich cargoes. That past, the past that was unknown to all but you, is now a book I can take up and read without sadness. It was all necessary to make a man of me for you. So the rosy hopes you bring, my love, are those which I not long ago buried as wholly or in part unrealizable. Renascence!

Oh, mother of my new life, what I want to learn, to know, to do, for the glory of you!

*October 27.*

You know what you have done? You have given me the confidence I have lacked ever since I took up a pen to write. You have made a writer of me. And this is how it came about: my love for you impelled me to try verse once more. Humbly, humbly, I made a fresh start. After a while the old love of making verses took hold of me and as you encouraged me by liking them I worked every day for an hour or so on lyrics. Essential practice! Then I began to notice my prose was purer, simpler,

smoother. You see the refining influence of verse on prose! You did it. But, precious love, what marvelous things you have done for me!

*Later.*

The finest instinct of this creature is to be in contact with you—just like an embryo. Intuitively it would not be born to be parted from you. Its intelligence is focussed on you, always in the direction of your mind. It would usurp your thought, monopolize your attention. And what imagination would it let loose that did not fly on halcyon wings to you?

*Thursday evening.*

Oh, darling, to get away from the turmoil of existence for a while! Just long enough for the overstretched nerves to relax and regain their normal. To shut out the merely temporal, to hide from the strife of superficial factions, to be deaf to applause, and mute to the entreaty of ignorance and oppression. Just to have my angel in a heaven for two, where mind might rise again on love's wings to touch the farthest



stars. It is peace I want, contemplative peace.  
Your lap for my head, your hands in mine.

The journey to you has been long.

*November 3.*

The dawn was sublime. A great sable cloud shaped like an egg with frayed edges lay like a pall in the east. It was black enough at times to keep the stars in view even when the horizon below the cloud was suffused with pink, roseate green, corn-tinted blues. The sun came up, a ball of burnished copper almost red, and then the cloud parted into long wreaths of sable, then mouse grey, growing fainter and fainter, until they fell into ripples, like the sea ebbing on a shallow shore, taking glowing purples and soft reds from the effulgence of the sun. The blues in the night sky as dawn spread to the high heaven were so beautiful in changing tones, growing lighter and warmer, that I could have cried for you to come and look at the mystery of colour and rejoice in prayer with me.

*November 4.*

When I am away from you there is only one way I can keep myself in control, and that is to fling my passion into my words. Many a time I have found repose after hours of writing to you. The labor of fashioning some verses, some letter, in which I have poured out the pain and joy in my soul, has left me triumphing calmly over the smouldering flame which threatened to consume me. It is quite impossible to tell you what I sometimes have to endure when I am alone. Like a living, conscious half of a severed body I seem to go staggering to find the other half—you—for equilibrium's sake. Am I mad? Now, at this moment, I want to hear your voice, I want to go out in the rain and walk as far as the house, I want to be beaten, subdued, suppressed. Why, I left you only an hour or so ago, and I feel as if we had been parted for years. Are you safe? Are you happy? Are you—oh, a thousand questions clog my mind. Love, I know not what it is. All I know is I suffer. Spiritual unrest. A soul in agony. It shakes me, like a rushing



blast tearing through a forest. Momentarily I am swept—a surge rises in my soul and I am bowed like a gale-struck sapling. All the blacks and blues, silver streaks, and tumbling shadows of a portentous storm I see and feel. Then I seem to stand on a precipice and know the earth will slip away, and I go reeling down to limbo. I hear crepitant sounds not in my ears but crashing in my soul. Then I lie exhausted for a while—until I can take the pen and write myself into sane communion with you.

Oh, my dear love, forgive me. What a wretched creature you have taken! How miserable, apart from you! How weak, how insecure! I wish—fervently—you could take me away, and lock me up somewhere where none but you might see me. Then I would be the happiest prisoner keeper ever guarded. I want nothing but you. You are my sun, my earth, my all. Without you I am the last man on the cinder crust of a desolated world.

What is it you have done to me? Do you know? Impossible! Can I tell you? That,

too, is impossible. How can I tell you the incidents of each vibration of an earthquake? You wizard—you have the secret of rejuvenation. Metamorphosis! Fundamentally I am changed. In everything. I am younger and wiser. You make me conscious of genius. Absurd! Yes, but you do. I am happy in my woe. Even pain coming from you exceeds in joy all happiness apart from you. You make me suffer and I rejoice. I wish sometimes you could intentionally make me suffer for you. So you send me swinging between extremes of happiness and misery and heaven and hell. I touch joy out of woe, and happiness gains a higher bliss when out of sadness I rise. Mistress of my every mood, you have wrought most wonderfully another being—I am not; myself is now another. I know not yet this new one: he is too complex, too supernatural, too deep. An amazing, elusive, passionate, adoring, fertile child your love has laboured to bring forth. It is the child of your splendid love. And what will you do with it? How succour it? How train it? I am of you.

With a sense and understanding never inherited by any child, I feel a part of you. It is a feeling as deep as anguish, as wide as eternity, and as high as heaven's throne. All the faculties I possess are conduits—you the source. You impel my thought, my action: my senses are tributaries which flow from the great stream of your generous self—mouths of the sacred stream which flows into the ocean of the orient. My fount, my center, my rock!

*At midnight.*

Love, what, after all is said, am I but something you have made out of the purest motives of your own being? You have salved me. I was a spiritual wreck, thrown up by the gales of disappointment on to the rocky, jagged crags of political despair, artistic chagrin and spiritual starvation. There I was left to be beaten to pieces by the tempests of revenge: an old hulk, a memory of what might have been, a thing suggesting vast possibilities lost.

You salved me—you did what others thought impossible. You, you alone, drew me from

the rocks of oblivion and set me once more sound and taut on the waves of great endeavour. Now I ride the seas—the thing you have remade—launched once more, to carry freights of good tidings to mankind; a better, swifter, safer ship than ever before.

I am your vessel which will sail unknown seas and bring back lovely, useful cargoes to those who hunger intellectually and spiritually.

*November 8.*

Your dear letter was here when I got back last night. How I loved it! All day long I had desired it. "The slender peninsula of blue" is fine. Then "the clouds of purple and gold delight seemed to hold the sun upon their laps" is worthy of Shelley. My darling, you must write; you are full of delicious poetic imagery and you need only practice and persuasion to do really good work. I rave against the conditions which prevent your having time to find yourself, and I grow wild with impatience to be with you always so that we may gain worth-while things from closer union.

Heavens! The activities of doing nothing; the waste of precious hours, the consorting with dull, uninteresting folk. It is really a mad life we lead. Just think of our being parted for five days for the things I do! A criminal sacrifice.

I was up early and hoped the morning would be mine for you, my sweet. Alas! at eight-thirty the telephone started. A hitch in to-day's noon arrangements; booked to speak at two separate luncheons at the same hour. It took all morning to straighten things out. I began at one place at twelve-thirty, the other at one-fifteen. They have no mercy, these folks.

What on earth do I get out of a life like this that is of the slightest value to us? Only fretfulness, weariness, and disgust.

*Friday morning.*

I never realized before this year that the highest duty is the full, free expression through intellectual media of our soul's vast desires. Who made me realize that there is greater than life? You taught me that the love which

inspires—more, creates, is greater than life.

And what is conduct but the highest expression of our own real selves? It is the working out of all that is God-like in us. Oh, world, inane, obtuse, awry, what have you done with the nobility of man's own self?

What is the test? Are we true to ourselves? Am I afraid of I, myself? No, never. To be afraid of the real in me would be a blasphemy against my Creator. I am I!

Tradition says duty is not to self, but to something other. It says duty is subjugation, repression, stultification of self. But what says self? Sacrifice your best on the altar of domestic and social duty? Now sacrifice carries with it the sense of having set aside some deep desire. There it is. What can be plainer? So we sacrifice the dearest, most precious aspirations of our true selves for—well, for what? That doesn't matter much. But this is the point: the very sacrifice when made is usually a brazen lie.

We have lied to the God within us, we, in doing the duty imposed from without, are guilty



of abominable falsehood to the wish within us. If there be no deep longing, no desire to realize the joy, the sorrow, the pain, which stirs our souls, how can there be sacrifice?

Consider the modern attitude to life. Our friends roll off sentences of wisdom from Shakespeare or Nietzsche, Emerson or Whitman. They extol the passages in high terms of praise, and, by heaven, the first time they are confronted with the choice of being true to themselves I'm blest if they don't do the other thing. Is it any wonder keen observers of men and life turn away and spew the horrible mess out of their mouths for cleanliness' sake?

Let courage and resolution be our torchbearers—they will make the way clear and smooth. No longer shall we find our path blocked by meanness, pettiness and vanity. We shall do all that is just. No thoughtless action of ours will cause our dear ones pain. But we shall not lie to our own souls by misleading those we love into thinking a sacrifice of the best that is in us is necessary to obtain a moment's happiness for them. Happiness is



never realized by causing pain to the real. Happiness never depended on a sacrifice yet. Jesus, Saki-Muni, Confucius, all the great ones down to Emerson and Nietzsche demand self-realization. The Kingdom of God is within you,—there it is in a nutshell.

*November 10.*

I did not know what I should find. But the mystical in you as in life, in art, in nature, is that which appeals, influences, affects, permeates all my being. There it is. That strange calling from the subconscious to the conscious. The mystery which passeth all understanding, which is felt but cannot be explained.

Do you know there is a parallel in this? My quest in all its journeyings reminds me of my broken desires. So love binds together where the strong vital impulse seeks consummation. And, as Bergson would say, things are taken by storm. So I was taken. So you were taken. And what now? What will you do with me, what make of me? Do you really know what you have won? It might be something worth

while yet. Something worth remembering.

It is strange, isn't it?—the work I do is not the work which satisfies me. Praise is sweet to many, but I want quiet months away from polemics where in some still grove with you I might do a few pages to be remembered.

Ever since I began to write with a serious end in view—I think I was fifteen—I have dreamed of a day when I could express myself in literature. Then the mad years when I ran riot through all the passions, and learned, so early, what I was, but never sounded the depths of my nature! Youth passed like a fragrance carried by a sirocco; and when I came here—it was indeed a New World for a young man old in many ways. But Youth flowered perennially in me, and where the glow of sincerity touched me I bloomed into poetry and song. An all-consuming hunger for knowledge gripped me. To know, to test, to brace myself. The quest was long—painful. A pilgrimage through the bitterest poverty to knowledge. What I want is of the Mind and the Soul! I know of no material gift I could win

that would for itself be worth an hour's exertion. Some day I will tell you of that time between twenty and twenty-five. Alone—quite alone—sometimes for long months—living on books, on the barest fare. Then the play, journalism, criticism. Dear me, it is so strange to look back—I feel as if I were writing of some one else. Then I thought the time had come when I should do good work. But the many issues made for versatility and led me off the narrow path to—what?—Fame. Fame, that really did not bother me at any time. How I worked, though—at nothing worth remembering. Writing plays, libretti, articles, short-stories, verse, acting, producing plays—but study was the saving grace of those wild days. Perhaps I was too popular too soon—certainly, popularity did not mean worth. When I reached the time of real trial, when I felt I must try, I was lonely—no one cared. I did some things—but there was no response. And I cannot work alone now. The early years were too hard, it cost too much to learn the little, and there are some marks left of that

time which I shall always wear. I must work for some one who will understand—some one who will have faith in and love for those dear things which are the very breath of my endeavour.

When you came, at the very time I had broken my pledge to myself to abstain from mere writing for gain, I was drifting towards the superficial. The old desire was about crushed. A year or so before you came I had said, "Too old. Dream no more." Only metaphysics and philosophy were to be sacrosanct. It was nauseating to go back to my old occupation, but I went. That was the measure of my defeat. Strange that you should come just when I was most conscious of my artistic abasement. My position and influence were not to my taste. The two great questions—constitutional and economic—were, apart from party measures, of deep interest to me; but they were half-won and done when you came that summer and wakened me again. You have seen the plain in winter's grip—cold, hopeless, gray, and bleak—suddenly under a

warm sun stir with all the sweet impulse of the spring? How can I tell you? There is no simile. You came.

I have told you the rest—told you the bare story. Now do you understand? Out of the mire of worthless effort up to the work-dream of my youth. Again and now. After twelve years of suspense ending in defeat, you come and revive the desire for sincerity and excellence.

*Thursday.*

Through you to the Hellenic! From my medieval attitude back through you to the pure form. There is all that purity of conduct, fixity of purpose, sweet constancy in you that impresses me in Greek ways. What shall we do together? Perhaps I shall write some real romance of two lovers in a modern world, and revive all the old sweet feeling which came again to earth when Abelard and Aucassin awoke the strings with love's best music in the human heart.

*November 13.*

Freedom! Creation cannot be without it. They are synonymous terms. Yet freedom is not. Man thanks the Creator for his gifts and straightway enacts laws limiting the use of them. That is why man dare not worship the Creator in the open and alone. He must have a church and many present. Sinners love company in their hours of contrition.

*Later.*

It is our circle of friends that narrows the world into a small compass. I don't like to believe it, but somehow it seems the world of thought is not wide and we who think a little are united like a family, like a clan.

*November 14.*

When I was a boy a paid parson was to me a very poor specimen of humanity, for to my mind truth should be free. Then, of course, I did not understand the economic system. Now I have learned that truth earns the lowest wage, and the nearer truth a person preaches the lower



the wage he is paid. There is no financial dividend for truth.

*Sunday Morning.*

To Art and all that makes for the sum of happiness let us consecrate ourselves and celebrate the joys we feel. We have our lives to live, and there has been too much sadness in the recent years. Our souls deserve refreshment, and our hearts want some of the melody of spring. All this we can enjoy if we are only true to the best and greatest within us.

*November 19.*

I have been standing before Rodin's "Hand of God," that marvellous portrayal of the first embrace, the primeval kiss, as God, in a moment of joy, tenderly created man and woman. The love which animates the beautiful hand infuses warmth and impulse into the entwined figures breaking into shape from the formless clay. The uncontracted knuckles, the deep shadows lying between the second and third fingers, the third finger lying over the point of



the fourth, indicate easy and tender restraint. All the action is in the finger-tips, and all the power, the directing force, is in the thumb which supports the man's thigh and upper leg, as they rest in the winding arm of the woman—the man's head falling upon her bosom, and her face pressed down close to his. The figures come from the hand of the Creator, entwined like the petals of an unfolding flower. Wonderfully, indeed, does the piece proclaim the eternal truth that men and women leave the hand of God as free creatures blessed with love; and with love in our own eyes, we can discern the love in the artist's soul.

*Evening.*

I was told this morning I should be the proudest man in America. I am. But they don't know why.

*Friday Evening.*

"The stanchions of life are strong in every age and station; we make idols of our affections, idols of our customary virtues; we are content

to avoid the inconvenient wrong and to forego the inconvenient right with almost equal self-approval until at last we make a home for ourselves among negative virtues and cowardly vices." Yes, that is true enough. But the statement raises the whole question of existence from ethics to culture, and I do not think Stevenson was deep enough to challenge modernity. The inconvenient wrong may be the fundamental right, and the inconvenient right may be in violation of natural laws. Louis was no Nietzsche, and incompetent to re-value values. We are human enough to try to justify our actions in accordance with the law of being. . . . That is why ours is the day of negative virtues and cowardly vices. Shakespeare went deeper than Stevenson and Nietzsche; Friar Lawrence hit the nail on the head squarely:

"Virtue itself turns vice, being unapplied,  
And vice sometimes by action dignified."

Love is the governor of our lives, and will decree against the most cherished traditions. So little is love understood that the whole

conventional world stands aghast at its simplest commands; its most natural claims are denounced and scorned, and when it rises to divine heights it is sneered at and derided by parson, pharisee and poltroon. Let us make a set of laws, one age says, and another spends its whole time trying to abolish them. So generations and centuries pass, doing and undoing. Bunglers at play with the dearest things of existence, blundering on through misery and woe to thralldom and emasculation. Stevenson saw clearly the effeminacy of his age and lamented the cost of the chivalry of the courageous "sinner." Whatever you do that is essential, that springs from the very centre of your being, do with all your naked unashamed might. That I think might be a fair statement of his attitude to life. But his pen was, after all, a roving weapon, busy with deeds of derring-do. The philosophy of the inner life was never touched by him. Yet he, himself, was full of the profound. His characters were forged in action and died in strife. He was a contradiction and an anomaly,—imperialist and conquest seeker

combined in a feeble, sickly constitution. There is a bravery of soul higher by far in quality than any courage of the body. The flesh that quails not before a cutlass may be brave, but the soul that braves tradition and brooks the jibes of the conventionalist transcends all models of courage that land or sea records. Stevenson himself is the greatest character, in this respect, that he invented. His life was his greatest work. Into it he crowded more essential action than he gave us in all his stirring novels.

*Sunday.*

My whole life seems to wait on a word from you. It is as if you held an avalanche in place by mere silence, when one word would loosen the mountain and send it crashing down to the torrents and rivers of strenuous activity.

*November 24.*

What a really sensitive creature I have become since I have known you! You have refined all my blunt qualities away. Such a love as mine must do that. It is like the soul of a

religious ascetic, all light, tremulous and fine; sensitive to every mass, every object which comes near it. You know I hang upon the murmur of your lips like a leaf upon an aspen bough, turning and fluttering all day long. I shall never be different now and, if my moods did not pain you, I should say "Thank God." I would rather love you as I do than know long hours of peace. I would rather die each time we part than leave you with a happy feeling in my heart.

*Tuesday Evening.*

Do you know what your letters mean to me? They are seals which fix me to life when I am away from you.

*December 1.*

Nietzsche has explained you to me in many ways. I had read many wonderful pages on the Greek chorus, how tragedy first evolved from it and then became epitomized in the unit character. I had forgotten so much of it. Some day we shall read together the great tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides. Then you will see clearly what I mean when I say

that you are Greek. The reason you have so much transcendental joy in you is because you contain all the essential elements of tragedy. Like Nature: pain, travail, sorrow—joy, pleasure, mirth. You cannot have the one set of emotions in reality unless you have the other.

*Sunday Evening.*

Have you looked at "Self-Reliance" again? What do you think? Is it not vital? We do not realize ourselves. We exist under the tyrannies of marriage, home, and family, and no matter how servile we are, how deep our subjugation, we find neither happiness for those we love nor peace for ourselves. Our lives unperfected go in chains, from the time we should be wholly free, down our finest years to the end. It is all wrong, monstrously, cruelly wrong. The system is rotten to the core. It violates every law of the divine, and makes a merciless hydra of God. Our souls are not our own—they belong to the home, our children, society. Our minds are encased in traditional falsity and canonical nonsense. Self-reliance,



forsooth! Would there were in this age! But a change is coming. I feel it, I know it. Revolution is in the air. Mark me, we shall live to see a social earthquake. And if I can only get down to real solid work we—you and I—shall have something to do with it. I know my own power, and if I am to be a factor in turning the world's thought I must first state my case clearly, lucidly, in simple Saxon prose. In essay and fiction—I can do both, under proper conditions now I have a true companion, one who will be interested in my work.

*Friday, 9 A. M.*

I did not let myself become discouraged yesterday by your reference to the future. While you were speaking I wondered what the effect on me would be. I know myself so well now that I arm against all doubts concerning the plan of my life. You wished you were as sanguine as I? There is no reason why you should wish and not become so; you are the stronger in many respects. The Power to Will is within us.



I must be sanguine. I could not live a day without my hopes. What is it lifts me out of hours of despair but the knowledge that you love me, the belief that such love as ours will be in close association blessed? Why, my beloved, there is nothing for me to live for if I have not you. And there is a future for me. It is all locked in the breast of my lovely one. Sometimes I look far ahead and see a man doing positive work of beauty, inspired by his living muse, passing days and nights of artistry, glorying in the labour of love just to see pride shining in her beaming eyes. Such a vision can only arise out of a sanguine soul.

I must be sanguine, because the law of my being is progress. The world drags hard to win me back to pessimism.

Last night I was depressed with the thought of what would happen to me now if I lost you. Strange thought, moving like dim light through the dark recesses of my mind. A consciousness of quick decay filled me as I pondered the thought. It came creeping over me that spir-

itual and mental decay would take place while the physical frame perished more slowly.

Yes, I want to live. But the only universe in which I can now move and live and have my being is that in which you are the sun. All other worlds are cold and dark for me. You are the day of my system. When my sun is hidden by the clouds of absence, though I know the orb of my existence is shining on other lives, night falls on me. And when night comes I droop, though tossed frantically by the wind. What have I to sustain me but your love and the hope of bliss in our association?

If a time should come when I must be destroyed—destroy thou me, O Sun of my being, burn me up. In pity leave not one shred of soul or mind or body. Let me not decay. Consume me, completely.

*December 8.*

On Saturday at dinner I sat next to a Dane, a painter. He interested me very deeply. There is a stretch of dunes not far from here, where Southern plants grow in profusion. The place is sheltered from the North, and he

says it is a mass of glorious bloom in the spring. Western flowers grow there. Strange beauties finding warmth out of their climes. All the while he spoke of that wild spot I thought of you. He told me of a wood he saw in winter where a wondrous thorn clad in silver refined the vistas of grim, black trunks. Nature refining the landscape even in the snow and frost. Then of colours he spoke, reading the cryptic blendings of atmosphere and hills, sky and water, prairie growths and distances.

What a relief to find among men a man who understands the mystical and is not afraid to explain it to himself! Like Coleridge—an absolute is the quest. And he, too, says all art must be sincere. So with love—the test is sincerity, there is none other. But the absolute in you! What a quest! Dare I search? Perhaps it is as well the mystery lies hidden beyond the reach of the human mind. As I love Nature, as I worship the sincere in Art, as I adore the fountains of life, so I love, I worship, I adore—sweet mystery! Will you ever understand? Just as I see the Great Finger

tracing out the schemes of Nature, so I see her dear influence shaping my poor life. So be it, and Amen!

*December 11.*

I had Frank Duveneck all to myself for hours at the Museum. Just imagine! The old master showed me everything—all the famous etchings—those which set London on fire when Lady Colin Campbell showed them. You remember the Whistler row. B. said Duveneck never spent a morning like this. He took me all over the gallery, told me the history of his pictures and marbles. He even spoke of his wonderful wife. Why weren't you here? B. said in all the years he had worked with Duveneck he never knew him in so grand a mood. You know he scarcely ever lets any one see the etchings. He is sending me photographs of three or four.

That morning with Duveneck will never be forgotten; true nobility and gentleness are always to be found in a truly great artist. The charm of that old giant is sublime. He has been everywhere, seen everything, knows every-

body. What a man! Though artists journey from all parts of the world to see him he remains unaffected, simple, and reverential. Last week Blashfield spent a day with him. They talked of John Sargent and the work he is doing in Boston. B. told me these two big fellows spoke of Sargent with all the deep admiration of earnest students. How fine! That is so beautiful to me, darling, that grace in the master artist which preserves the spirit in its glow and the mind from satisfaction and decay. Therein lies the secret of sweetness and gentility which give strength to creators.

This story I must tell you of his great landscape, the one of the farm, bridge, and stream. Duveneck was wandering in Bavaria around the Oberammergau district when he came to an old disused mill. It was so quiet and aloof from the hurly-burly of the crowd that he longed to have it for a studio. After some searching he found the owner who with some persuasion let Duveneck take possession; but nothing was to be disturbed. The proprietor however became interested in the artist's work



and soon gave consent for Duveneck to make some structural alterations. Windows were put in, some partitions and doors. There Duveneck painted for long periods, and to that mill many of the Munich men went and lost themselves in their work.

I wish you could have heard him tell the story; the telling had all the naïve quality of the place itself. He was like a bashful boy relating an incident of goodness in which his own merit was suppressed.

Mrs. A., the sculptor, came last night to hear the play. She had heard from L. of my morning with Duveneck; she was amazed to learn how generous he had been to me. I should say Mrs. A. was present when I met Duveneck at the Museum, but she had to run away to a class. She told me how unusually honoured I had been, for Duveneck is shy and after a few formal greetings he wanders off usually to his students.

After all these years it seems very strange I should meet him and we should draw so close in an hour or two. I heard nothing but



Duveneck, Duveneck, Duveneck from the big men years ago in London, Paris, and Munich, and now to know him! It is the idea of your beautiful poem. How long we wait! Things dearly sought do come, though. You know that now. The tender green will some day clothe our wishes so long as the sap of big desire is there to animate our souls. To me yesterday morning was one of real communion, and it would have gone into the chambers of memory as a perfect sojourn with greatness if my beloved had been there.

*December 13.*

I did not tell you about H.'s pictures. He has some really good ones. A Blakelock, eight inches square, which is a gem,—all the characteristics of a Dupré. It is a fine woodland scene dominated by a copper beech in full foliage. Then there is a gem of a Rousseau with several figures in it. The locale is sylvan with a pool of water; two big dense trees on the bank. A picture full of charming detail. A Greuze, too; the wife of the painter. The

termagant is kneeling at her bedside praying. Her character and the devotional position are incompatible, but her beauty of the dolly order is painted exquisitely. The picture was in the Wallace collection before it was given to the British nation. The Antonella Christ is a superb example of early 15th century work. Rightly I think it deserves the title of "The Man of Sorrows." But then I can't work up much enthusiasm for the pictures of that school. Saints are above me. Still, this Christ is unique. The gentleness, pity, refinement of the face are wonderful traits searching for one's finest sensibilities. Its simplicity is irresistible.

H. has a Francis Murphy in yellow-gray tones, with a splash of pearly light on a strip of water, which is as fine as a good Daubigny. The feeling for the mystical in nature is most tenderly expressed in this work. It contains some of the exquisite to be found in Corot's scenes.

*Later.*

My love, you are quite wrong about cultivated people being the cause of what you call

the homey feeling in my letter. Wicked girl, you know well enough what the cause was! Your own dear letters.

You are my soul and I am nothing but a hollow thing when you are away.

*15 December.*

I was a wanderer no one cared to know. No one found the real me. She made me out of chaos. I am the creature of her love. Her title to what she has made is complete, fundamental. And those same gifts she used to make me what I am came down to her from Thy right hand, Creator.

Rise, my soul, and greet the sun of thy being! Laugh and be mirthful, the rays of her eyes are shining. Caress each beam which shines from her glorious soul. Up, up, rise to the height of her charm and her goodliness. Her grace is a tribute to the work of God's tenderness. Shall I despond? No, O my soul, what matters?—She loves me. She sheds the joy of living as she walks. Fragrance is wafted from her hair.

*Tuesday.*

You are not of this age. You come from Delphi. There is a beauty which modernity cannot produce: that I saw in your enthralling face last night. I know it for an ancient loveliness, something sprung from the very source of perfect form. Divine woman. Will you really drive me mad with Dionysian delight? You will. Perhaps that is how the goddesses slew their votaries, and you, their mistress, their oracle, long forgotten, but revealed again by me, will slay me for having seen the wonder of refinement in form and joy. But let me live. Let me be your soul's voice—or shadow? The world must be told of you, and none but your worshipper can tell. Do you know yourself? No. Then if I die who is there left to sing your praise? Let me live to see the glory of my discovery. Beauty needs a poet, and the world needs poetry. Give me inspiration through the lovely beams which light your eyes and set my soul ablaze.

Where is beauty? In the laughter quivering in my darling's eyes. Where is beauty?

In the flushes, like June's morning sky, which animate her cheeks. Where is beauty? In the movement of her god-like form. Where is beauty? In the beseeching languor of her throat, in the breathings of her kindly breasts. What is art? Why, you are the thing which all art yearns to produce in human form. You are the proud, defiant embodiment of every bliss great artist ever yearned to create.

Greek mistress, wonder of the days when men were noble and died for love of beauty, tell me, are you some sublime Aphrodite chiseled by great Praxiteles, into whose marble form Zeus again has breathed, stirring it to life? Or are you Galatea, and I Pygmalion, turning my work to beauteous life? Tell me, maid, what is it; this spell, this magic, you employ, which makes of me a reed bent to the will of your loveliness? It is beauty, beauty, beauty! What I have sought all my long life and found not until now. Oh, be radiant, my gem of old Greek days, my precious vessel of all the things of joy I have desired, be as you were yesterday, a glowing delight in a prism of

immortal joy. Gleam of a million facets, shine mercifully on me and deny me not.

*Thursday.*

In that exhibition of Ben Foster's work, in the Museum, you will find the lovely melancholy of hills and trees. You must see his pictures. Go some day soon when you have an hour or two to spare. And go alone—just with my spirit close to your dear heart. Look deep into the horizons and let the picture melt into your soul, for it is the soul—seeking companionship. The one near the door—the fine sky-line like eyes after many tears: that one with faint purples in the background, where on a stream running toward you a splash of sad clear light makes a mirror for the face of God. And then that silver sapling to the left, indicative of Nature working upwards always to higher and still higher forms. On the other side of the room, the picture in the centre, a hillside. Look into that and see the enchanting scheme of Nature pointing toward true simplicity. There are trunks, like spires, firm



in the hillside, suggesting to us where growth will find a foothold even on a steep. And the warm bruised bracken with the peeping stones which know no spring or autumn, telling of eternity, progression and imperishable love. What would I give to be with you! Just for one hour while you looked into those pictures. I would remain silent and watch your face while your soul would communicate your sensations. Do you remember the first night I read Arnold to you? Do you remember how elated I was when I saw how lyrical philosophies found an echo in your soul? My treasure, will you ever know what it means to me to have found you at last!

*December 19.*

My love, my gentle Rosalind, what can you not do with me? Last night I envied no god. Zeus himself held naught in his gift I would have envied for a moment. The gift above all other gifts was mine. I stood upon the world's topmost ridge and felt the breathing of the stars. Or was it the sighs of your own warm

heart infusing youth anew into my stirring blood?

Do you believe in the transmigration of the soul? You must. For surely mine goes fluttering after yours when you go far away. I am an empty shell wherein a thousand fears take shelter when we are parted. If my soul were here, no fears of that dread kind which afflict my brain and torture me would dare molest me. That is it: my soul goes wandering after you. Else why am I so speedily refreshed the moment I see you after long absence? You come, lo! you have not been away. The hiatus has been all imagination.

Sweet one, I envy my wandering soul. Leave me not tenantless for long. Some day the empty frame may crumble and fall before my soul returns. But its abiding place is changed. Now it will not stay with me. Even now it is away, it will not rest without its mate. I find it when our lips touch; instantly it is there, giving me courage and confidence.

*December 21.*

We must with courage assert all the strength of our souls to maintain from hurt God's holiest treasure—our love. Though we have to fight through a world of anguish we must not blench; nay, though our hearts bleed for the joy we would gain, let us move on to our goal. When our hopes are overshadowed by clouds, and I cannot bring smiles to your face, at any rate I must strive to keep tears from your eyes. When our days are distracted by thoughts of a world that might try to demean our love, let us lift it up above the mire of godless systems. Lift it high, up to the throne of God, from whence came this, His rarest, loveliest gift. Can we prize it too highly? Can we over-value its wondrous worth to us?

Nothing can break my will—not now. I am with you keeper of the Creator's secret. It is ours to cherish. Shall we be unfaithful to the trust? Let all hell itself rise against us—the greater the victory.

Oh, my dear love, my chalice of the beautiful, do you realize all you have done to me?

Would you give birth to such a love as mine and let anything blast it? It is inconceivable. I know, I know, you are fretful, anxious. Do I not suffer for you? Is there one disturbing thought haunting your mind that does not hurt me? Are we not one? Why, I am your barometer. Every cloud passing across your sweet face is registered in my soul. I would give my life to make you happier than you can be with me. For what is my life without you? There is no life without you. Don't you understand the cry that goes out of my soul when it is lonely, when it is conscious of its pain? I have nothing to live for if I cannot live for you. Every passion for work is centred in you, every desire to do something worth while depends wholly on you, every dream of the future rises and sets in you. You are everything; my breath, my blood, my life.

And yet, sometimes, you have a way of making me feel I mean so little to you. It is when your thoughts become lost in the future, when through present anxieties you are crowded with apprehension and doubt. Then I die in

a torture of miserable weakness, as I did yesterday. My heart cries out—"It is useless, you cannot help her in her distress!" Perhaps there is no pain so deep as that swift thought, sharp as a traitor's poignard, which stabs a futile soul in the presence of a grieving love. The impotency, the blasted futility, of all thought, all action amounts to degradation of the spirit.

*Later.*

Such a love as mine is a glorification of selfishness. It is jealous of every wayward thought, jealous of a fugitive glance. It will have nothing less than all. It adores for its own joy, it worships for its own delight, it reverences for its own satisfaction. It shares with none. It arrogates to itself complete possession. Having given everything—all, it desires all.

Oh, beautiful love, what am I? Just the thing you have made. A thing to be riven by a glance of yours. I cannot be different now. Sometimes I am sorry for your sake you have



done your work so completely; but that is only when I feel my love cannot give you warmth and strength. But, sweet, I shall try so hard to be patient. If I could only hide from you my cursed moods and crush the spasms of pain which sometimes shake me when I am with you, I would be happier. I go from you cursing myself for my weakness—distressing you. Ah, it is not to distress you, my lovely one, I came.

I wish I could tell you about myself, then perhaps you would understand why you are indispensable. I have tried several times but every effort has been absurdly unsatisfactory. There has never been any one upon whom I could pour out all my love and its essences, in speech, in action, in writing, until now. Not one. There was never any one—never. And yet I have borne what you have found in me all these many long years—carried it safely through many purgatories and one awful hell. For what you have found must have been in me though I were not conscious of it.

Do I know I love you with all my soul, with



all my mind? Oh, beloved, who ever before shaped in the mould of man had greater cause and reason for knowing that? Are you not my delight, my vision of heaven? That I may touch you, just touch you, now and then, to make sure you are flesh and blood. I can be so still with you—tranquil, satisfied. Then all fierce passions sleep until you give me your lips.

My dear, dear one, what a love you have created in me!

*Thursday morning.*

Are you holy? I know you are so to me. Am I devout? I know you take me near to God. Loving you for yourself has made me what I am to you. Therefore I can face the task, so that I may soon take you to myself and give my life to loving you, ever near your side. It is wonderful, this love! It stirs me in super-human ways; it dispels weariness, it destroys pain; it conquers all that would oppose or deny its right to love you. True, some moods afflict me under which fear, pain, dread, fatigue, all come binding their tentacles around me, crush-

ing me, torturing me, for hours, for days sometimes. But I survive. Why? Because my love for you asserts itself and brings hope, joy, trust, and energy, in lovely memories, garbed in your own radiance, to help me back to Heaven again.

Memories of sweet messages from your delicious lips sent straight to my listening soul raise me up from deep despair. One memory of a message came just now and thrilled me. "Remember, I love you." These are words which bind the earth and firmament together, words which govern the rising and the setting of my sun; the brightness of the stars depends upon these words. They are the fundamentals of my existence. When they come whispered back to me my spirit seeks some cloistered place where the world is shut out, or goes roving in some embowered garden where the silence is wrapped in the fragrance of June's wild flowers. In some such quiet place my spirit then communes with yours.

*27 December.*

Now this year of all the years is drawing to a close, ushering in one full of hope, let me, my beloved, say, I love you more than ever; my love is higher, deeper, broader, more divine. And I am younger, happier, more resolute. I face the future full of hope; achievement lies straight ahead with you. We shall be new pioneers. And what have I to thank you for, dear love? All I am now, at this moment, when my highest desire is to make you proud of me. You are the great desire of my life. My life? Nay, my life is yours—that is the bright consummation of my being.

*29 December.*

Life-giving love, I scarcely realize what I have passed through these six weeks. You buried the heavy past in a few moments yesterday morning. You came like a spring dawn full of warmth and changed the whole face of the earth; the ice, the snow, the gaunt woods and bare hedges were all changed in a twinkling. Then everything pulsed with life.

Metamorphosis! You govern me as the sun the earth. You revive, revitalize me. You are my dynamic! I am dross, drear waste without you. A sleepless month is all made up in strength in one such evening as our last one. I see you radiant and I am made new. I hear you tell me again, reassure me, and I am all confidence and hope. I kiss you and heaven is thrown open; pure sheen of golden light pours through the splendid portals and I am bathed in its glory. You sigh like a flower heavy with loveliness and fragrance and I am transported into realms of sweet delight. My beloved, what treasures of joy you give me. Is there no end to the marvelous stores of your inherent gifts? I take and take, and more breeds on taking. This is the height of my joy, and straightway you give me dreams of new vistas reaching higher and still higher. How am I to tell you what it all means to me? Horace, Herrick, Shakespeare, Shelley—no, they have said nothing!

You are a world of transports, a never-ending symphony of sweet themes.

You were lovelier than ever last night. My eyes were blest watching your slender arms. Your wrists played gracefully liked two water-nymphs in sport. I thought of beauty and marveled at its entrancing loveliness. Beauty is not static, it is not always there. True beauty comes in moments of animation, it is a quick light in the eyes, a glow in the cheeks, the crescendo of a smile, the perfection of a tone.

*January 2.*

I don't know when, in all my life, I have felt so keenly the desire to do something really great. The music moved me strangely to-day. Berlioz and his difficulties came into my mind with peculiar force. Then the E Major, played so exquisitely by Mr. Ganz, reminded me again of those almost insuperable obstacles which lie in the path of the artist of big desire, and of the painful réactions of mood and circumstance which beset us at almost every turn. The Fifth—Tschaikowsky's revelation of the bitterness of his soul's journey, seemed to me to-day to carry a message saying, "You may do

it, but beware. Suffering for the true artist, joy for the true lover."

Tears water the inspiration of our higher moods, and tears enough were shed by the composers whose works we have heard to-day. And I, small person loving the land of the giants, feel just now eager to take any suffering so long as I may give to you some one work which men may know us by.

*Wednesday Evening.*

I understand Verlaine; there is intense enjoyment in this pain, but what it costs! To have the living love, yearning, pulsating, crying, all day long, for the absent one the night will not bring, is pain which thought enjoys because it is so real, so very present.

This week lost must be regained somehow. But no hour with you, or that should have been spent with you, can be regained. Life is all too short, and a day in duration is but a sigh in the process of our joy.



*January 4.*

I walked back last night. It was bitterly cold, but the heavens were glorious. One star, over to the West, shone with unwonted brilliancy. There was a light in your bedroom when I passed by. I walked slowly and whistled the Siegfried-Brunhilde motive. It was 10:40 or thereabouts. Lord, but I was cold when I reached here. This Siegfried didn't go through the fire last night.

That star lay over your room. I nearly stumbled half a dozen times watching it. It was nearly as fine as your eyes when you want me.

*Wednesday P. M.*

It was lovely seeing you this morning, a refreshing sight, an hour's restful association. I think my mind was too busy with the time of our meeting for me to get much sleep last night, for yesterday was long and I spent the hours wishing them speedily away. How they dragged along from two to six! I tried to forget the time in making the verses, but they

would not come right until about 6:30. Then, as usual, they came with a rush.

What a change in a month! How very unhappy we were a month ago! When we went down to the convent this morning I couldn't help thinking of that day of tears when you and I were so wretched. And now! My beauty, this something that has happened is the strangest of all the mysteries which we have experienced in all our mysterious union. Again my mind is at work searching for the reason of the change. You are in a way as much affected by it as I am. I notice it in your voice, your eyes, your whole manner shows the change. Some barriers are broken down. My beloved is her real self, giving expression to the love in her, expressing it freely, happily. There was a sweet languor about you, beloved, this morning, so winsome, so tender, that I felt like taking you in my arms and pressing your dear head against my breast—just to kiss your hair. Sometimes I want you fiercely—at other times I want you as a mother wants a child. I want you at all times. Early this morning

I ached for you. Darling, is it not extraordinary that you do not know me without restraint? You have never known me to give myself up passionately to you. Ah, beloved, that is sad. It is agony sometimes to keep myself cruelly under control. When I say you don't know, I mean you don't know what it costs to resist the great temptations your loveliness sets for me. Well, to know me in that way is not yet. Still it lies with you. But my darling must have no worry. My pleasure lies in making her happy—my deep desires must wait. I wonder when you do know me what you will say.

*January 6.*

My angel, come back happier and rested. Oh, how I want you—as never before. You are right, unsatisfied, unsatisfied. I shall never be satisfied. There is a voice crying out for you every moment. It will not keep still.

*Later.*

“The moon rising blood-red out of a dark sea and a thousand lights dancing about Monte

Carlo and Monaco." Contrast and balance she knows. Setting the forever against the perishable work of man. It is good—all of it.

*January 8.*

It is not to be imagined what your gifts have brought to me. No power of speech or pen can tell of all the riches you have won for me. What was I a year ago? Ah, then I did not know you. Think, how long you were an ideal beyond realization. And now, the change loving has wrought! Then, I did not know why I lived; now, I live for you. Then, all hope of love, once dreamed of as the most beautiful aim in life through which perfection might be reached, was gone, withered in the years of feverish activity, blasted in storms of purposeless manhood. Now, every day is as full of real living as a decade was then. My waking thoughts are yours, my last conscious moment overflows with thoughts of you. I am now a world in which you live and move and have your being. My day is ordered to your will.

On your presence depends my every mood. You walk with my soul, inhabit my mind, and you lighten the gloomy places of my heart. My real tasks are fashioned to your pleasure. Happiness is found only where you are. I leave you and I am sad. I meet you and gladness thrills again all through me. You are the current which sets me in motion. I respond to your lightest touch. A glance of yours can work a revolution in my soul. You kiss me and I am instantly on the threshold of heaven. When in my life did I ever dream of such bliss as you have brought to me? Loving has made me whole; it has enlarged my vision, broadened my mind, refined my sensibilities. I am another man. You have raised me up to kiss your brow, and you have crowned me with the garland of your love.

*January 11.*

I can't do anything creative while you are miles away. My mind will not work. How can it when every moment it is occupied with extraordinary thoughts of you? Why, I have

to force myself, literally, to do the humdrum things of everyday existence.

Last night I could not settle down to work and in looking about for something to read I picked up Bernard Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism." Have you read it? It amused me vastly years ago when I was about the only one lecturing on Shaw.

*10 P. M.*

Did not some one say that those who taste celestial joy must pay? Waiting is paying. But those who wait long must not mind waiting a little longer. Through flowers and merry folk last night I saw in a dim light of yellow another scene where one came to give a blessing to a hungry soul. It was so vivid I almost started.

*13th.*

Could I survive in pessimism? Could I pass such nights without the hope that we shall pass our days together?



*Later.*

What am I without thee, my beloved? An autumn leaf upon the gusty winter's wind is not so tossed and strayed. Thou art my branch, the limb from which I am sprung.

*Thursday morning.*

I woke early this morning and found a book near my bed. It is a comparison and analysis of William James and Henri Bergson. One passage struck me with great force. The author—Horace M. Kallen—says, summarizing Plato: “What do sense or perception or even dialectic reveal, more than the flux of the daily life, in its reason and unreason? Nothing: they cannot discover the Ideas. But if they cannot, love can. And what is love but the yearning of a fallen and imperfect thing for its lost perfection? What is knowledge but a procession through love back to the heavenly estate of the Ideas whence the mind fell? Nay, the mind is not mortal, it is immortal. Soon or late it recalls in this earthly life the heavenly majesty it fell from, it yearns to it from object to ob-

ject, until finally it throws off its mortality and resumes its immortality. It becomes again, on earth at rare moments, in heaven eternally, one and the same with the eternal realities it at other times only conceived."

A profound statement, eh? You see why it caught me? Have I not known the rare moments? Am I not an imperfect thing yearning for its lost perfection, only to be found in the eternal reality in you? Love can discover the Ideas. Love can drive back to the first action of the original mind. Love is beginning, becoming, yes, end, if end there be, connecting all on the unbroken thread of duration. Love transcends all intellectual achievement, for knowledge is useless without it.

Giver of rare moments, how I love you!

*January 17.*

In these weeks just gone I have been in Gethsemane, without a garden—a place of tears where no plant could spring up. I have wept day and night for you! I have wept until my

thought was, There can be no more tears to flow. Why, my love, why? Because my soul, my mind, my flesh have all cried out for you. You have made me wholly dependent for any joy in any hour solely on you. You are so great a joy for me to look upon, you are so sweet to touch, that I leave you with all the tremors a zealot would feel on being thrust out of the glory of heaven itself. Apart from you I feel nothing but palpitating misery hour after hour, sometimes a long night through. There is that within me which will not be consoled. It is for you it cries, and only you will suffice. When I leave you, and I have no necessary errands or meetings, I come here knowing black hours lie in wait for me. Do you know what your face is to me? It is my sight—my eyes glory in its beauty. Even your picture can set my eyes aglow, can reduce me to tears, can make my heart laugh with joy through an infinitude of loneliness.

You have eaten into the marrow of my bones—you have consumed me. Every nerve, every

fibre, throbs for you. The night that divides us is the pit of despair; the day that separates us is the chasm of unhappiness.

*January 20.*

I cry out of the depths, these depths of despair into which I am often plunged. Hold out your saving hand and raise me up! I am always the better man for these tears and these pains, but there have been overmuch of late.

*Wednesday morning.*

One book—one small work—outweighs all the chatter of orators and lecturers. For the voice is soon lost and the memory of the spoken word dies, but the book if it have a message will endure. Now, with the printing press and the public library, the written word is well-nigh imperishable.

*6 P. M.*

I have been away nearly all day with some superlative bores. I think Hades, despite Dante's experience, must be made up of those

fools who cannot be suffered gladly. Anyway, I am sure there is no hell like that I had to endure just now with Tom, Dick and Harry.

*January 27.*

I can't tell you how deeply I enjoyed the atmosphere of culture in that little house in V. Music had soothed my aching nerves. We talked metaphysics, Beethoven, Bach, economics, religion and instrumentation. Berlioz—indeed. They were all sound in their differing scholarship. The fiddler was a keen Bergsonian, and played Kreisler's Viennese pieces like one brought up on the Prater.

*February 1st.*

I looked for you at the station though I knew you could not be there. That morning when you met me came so vividly to my mind. Darling, you have crowned me with thousands of sweet memories. Gracious actions which make me thrill when I think of them. You have endeared yourself to me in so many splendid ways; you have bound me to you by

fine things spun out of the very fibre of your exquisite being.

What would I not do to get one glimpse of your bonny face before I go to sleep! It has been so hard since I left you. Life is painfully difficult without you. I am starving for you to-night. Hungry for your arms. I want your breast for my head. God, how tired I am! But I shall sleep to-night. I must if I am to get through the work this week.

God bless you and keep you safe.

*Monday evening.*

After seeing the Italians yesterday at the museum I worked for several hours on the novel. Really the first bit of decent work I have done since my return. Three hours spent in revision. You don't know what revision means to me. It is hard labour.

The long talk with G. on da Vinci and Credi cleared my mind for a while and refreshed me like a deep draught of sea wind. You know I have never cared much for the Italian school of painters. Angels as flat as their halos do



not interest me. But Leonardo, the giant, fascinates everybody who will take the trouble to know him. Mathematician, chemist, draughtsman, architect, musician, poet, goldsmith, jeweler, and painter, he stands back there in the 15th century the dominating force in the ages of art.

*At midnight.*

I told G. about your room. I was in good form: I think I described it well. For certain reasons the sweet châtelaine was only lightly touched. But he said, "I should like to meet her, she must be an exceptional woman." You see, even when I suppress your contours, lines and features, you stand out and demand acknowledgment.

I want to tell you of a discovery I made yesterday at the museum. On the arm of the Aphrodite found at Arles I saw an armlet midway between the elbow and the shoulder pit. Curious, wasn't it? I think she must be the only Aphrodite which wears one. On the armlet are bosses of studs set at equal intervals.

Quite a coincidence, eh? She is very beautiful. The neck is longer than hers of Melos. In her right hand she holds a small ball, and in her left she grips what I take to be a wooden cup with a long shank. Did they play cup and ball then?

Is that pale tint turned brown, or does rose mingle with the sunburn as in an Indian's skin? Not too brown, darling. The softness of your colouring just suffused with the glow of pleasure, that is what I love.

*February 13.*

Do you know, darling, what it is to be all love? Think, my beauty, of a garden all bloom, of a flower all fragrance, of a bird all song, of a soul all joy. When I say I am all love, I mean there is nothing left but love. Everything else is gone, resolved, absorbed; no trace of the past, with all its triumphs and defeats, its hopes, its disappointments, its ambitions, its delights. You have drenched me with your loveliness—you have bathed me in your beauty. I am washed clean of every cor-

ruption. My body, my mind, and my soul are now without stain—for no one shall touch me but you, no other thought than of you shall enter my mind, for no one else will my soul shine.

*Saturday.*

I don't know what to say to you. All night long I have yearned for you, craved you, besought, demanded—oh, I don't know what I have not done. Several times I really woke up and found myself murmuring words to my superb mistress, who makes me dumb when I think of all her loveliness. It was long before I fell asleep—indeed for hours I lay telling her how joy came to my soul in showers of delight from her. She loves me. Then the thought overpowers me; the ecstasy of it makes me thrill like a glistening star on a brilliant night at sea.

Why have I lived all these years without you? Why have I not known these joys before?

Have you seen a bee buzzing over a rich herbaceous border heavy with bloom? Watch

how it goes from flower to flower, touching one, lighting on another, burying itself in a deep cup, restive, bustling, impetuous thing, distraught at all the glories it may taste. It has no real preference. It is not selecting. No, no,—it is the general beauty and abundance which confounds its instinct. All is sippable. Oh, if it could only light on all at once and collect all the honeys in one deep draught! Poor wee bee! I know what it suffers. We are insatiable comrades.

*February 22.*

I am to see you, what joy! Dearest, do you know your voice is the only music that ever enters this room? It is now full of sweet sounds. Æolus has set a thousand air waves singing of the beauty of a Greek woman in a grove of daphne. I know the woman. I shall see her this afternoon. Thus joy comes to bless a recluse.

*Tuesday.*

I want to get back to see that face. Do you know how I love that adorable pensive picture?

If you knew you would be jealous. And if you heard what I say to it you would want to change places with it. I danced before it last night. It likes me to salaam before it; it smiles at my antics. We are tremendous pals.

I was up before six, though it took a long time to get to slumberland. My mind was crowded last night. But I feel fairly well this morning, though I don't relish the journey. Heavens! Eighteen out of twenty-four hours. How I envy your train-loving brother. It must be an extra sense, not apportioned to me, that of liking railway travel. I fret and fume most of the time. Think of what I suffered before I learned to write on the train! Another blessing you have given. Before this year I spent the time mile-counting, mile-timing, to while away the hours. Unprofitable exertions.

*March 2.*

It is futile trying to make me think you are unequal to a vital emergency. You may really doubt your own power of self-assertion, of bending influences to your will, of overcoming

obstacles, of resolving difficulties. That may be. But why should you doubt your own invincibility under test? You would never give the lie to your own nature. You would be as true to the law of your own being as you are true to me. You are stronger by far in some respects than I. Would I allow myself to be crushed by fortuitous circumstance, or indeed by a situation into which I entered voluntarily? Never, never, never. I judge you in this by the strength of my own soul, and yours is a happier, more resolute soul than mine. Yours has not the scars which conflict has left on mine; yours is fresher, more buoyant, resilient and dynamic.

I am not easily misled. The revelations of this year leave no doubt in my mind as to your astounding capacities. Don't even in jest try to belittle them. They are unique. Nothing may arise to test you vitally; but if the most critical situation were to arise I know you would do your being's law no violence. Moreover, in the most trying position that redoubtable soul of yours would find refreshment in the ordeal.



The reason why I revert to this is because I am jealous of the knowledge you have given me of yourself. I will not think you are less responsible and courageous than I am. Why should I? You are a wonderful woman, rare, sublime, exalted; and would I suffer a moment's thought which would smirch your fame? Would I traduce my own soul?

*Wednesday, just after midnight.*

There are pigeons just outside and my light disturbs them. They coo every time I switch on the light. The silence is extraordinary. Not even the buzz of a motor.

I couldn't stand it any longer, so I dressed at five and went out for a walk. Heavy hoar frost. It was misty, and all vague, opaque grey shadows across the lake. I went to the station and stood for a while near that spot, and then walked down the lake front.

Your letter—how good of you. Two in one day! Like a cheering sunburst from out of dark clouds. From here I can see my cooing friends preening themselves in a corner of the

shaft. They must have thought last night a dozen suns had risen, so often were they disturbed by my light.

*Thursday afternoon.*

Your letter reached me just before I set out to my first meeting. Your mood was mine this morning. I read the letter and gathered from it a strange strength which poured out of me when I spoke. I haven't recovered myself yet. It is difficult to write. There was sadness somewhere for an hour this morning. Sadness which springs from the wells of love, and is therefore strong. A sense of facing anything and everything; of overcoming, and rising above all difficulties set about us in a world hedged in.

*Later.*

We must never doubt the wisdom of our loving. Either we love or we do not love. That is the truth of it, isn't it? Then what do we mean when we doubt the strength of our love to carry us through all emergencies? Surely we mean by that that there is limitation

to our loving. But that is not so. Emerson says, "The only sin is limitation." Never did seer speak deeper truth. The illimitable universe itself is no more limitless than our love. We are guilty of no sin. We are in accord with the virtue of creation and act in harmony with the soul of nature. We must not then harbour any doubt at all as to the durability of our loving in all human circumstances. Our love is knit with the imperishable fibre of the eternal. We shall never be guilty of limitation.

And what is love but the very crown and halo of instinct and intuition? It is the height of all intellectual attainment; it is imagination's purest state, the transcendental. Love is for the intellectually elect. You have taught me many wonderful things. Indeed, the most important things of life and love and death were for me in a sealed book, a book you opened unto me. I often say you do not realize what you have done to me, what you have done for me.

The animals know not love. They are with-

out intellect and imagination. Instinct governs their actions in mating, in breeding. Intuition governs the embryo and its development. But animals remain animals.

With humans instinct and intuition are heightened by intelligence. But the millions and millions never proceed to any higher state of progress; they remain intelligent—no more. Hence the misery and the woe of the centuries. Hence the long generations of slavish repetitions, of cruel error. It is only when intelligence does not stagnate, but flows on toward the ocean of imagination that love (transcending the three states, instinct, intuition, and intelligence, which mark man as higher than the animals) comes with the power to make us perfect according to the intention of the Creator. Love, then, is only known and experienced by higher natures having finer sensibilities, larger capacities. That is the only reason why it is rare. But the essential must not be overlooked; sexual feeling is not love even with humans. The desire to preserve the species arises from instinct, and where instinct is strong in an

imaginative person we have the double joy of love and propagation. With dull natures, toil-worn creatures, phlegmatics and such others, in the category of the intelligent because they are human, there is often revealed an emotion mistaken for love which is not love, but emotional instinct.

What do we do when we discover limitation in that state of bliss? We at once deny the powers which have made it possible for us to love and concurrently hurl ourselves down to the level of the merely intelligent—those who never enjoy more than spasms of emotional instinct. Who would so desecrate love?

This is all new to me. This is what I have learned from you.

No, my love is immune from failure. She is the resolute beacon which turns to light my soul on its way to fulfillment. What do I see in her? Depths—great depths containing all the elements of the sum of human happiness. She will do under stress nobly what she now does royally. What do I see in her? An unconquerable soul, a heart unquenchable, a nature

straight from the brightest fire which ever  
purged gold from dross.

*Thursday morning.*

Did you feel kisses on your hair last night?  
Or were you sound asleep at midnight and only  
dreamed it? Well, this morning you might  
have felt a sensation like lips softly stealing  
over dimples, and a certain wicked curl at the  
nape of your bewitching neck. That was about  
7.30. You didn't hear someone crying, "Dar-  
ling, where are you?"—crying all day yester-  
day. Oh, my love, I become a lost thing when  
I leave you.

*March 20.*

I am what you have made me, and I cannot  
be different. I would not be otherwise if I  
could. I am all yours—just your creature—a  
thing of mighty love and devotion. You do  
not know yet what you have made. It is a  
very beautiful thing. It is so rare, the world  
holds not its counterpart. It is all soul, soul  
which absorbs mind and governs every heart-  
throb. An artist would work no more after



seeing what you had created: it is Æschylean. Could you be proud of your work, my dream of joy, and not let it make you sad, you would be happier. Stand off, darling, and regard it with pleasure. When it weeps, laugh and clap your soothing hands: when it makes merry enfold it in your arms. Rejoice in its every mood, for each one is a thing of beauty fashioned by you. This creation of yours responds only to you. Here the work is for the creator only. Creator of me, be happy in your masterpiece and know that it exults in pain, loving its artist with all the force of its being.

*Later.*

I have no joys apart from you, Rosalind. You have taught me to see spring only through your happiness. If I could see you greet it, gladness shining in your eyes, then I should revel in your joy. You love nature so sincerely for herself that it is a long step nearer to her heart to be with you when you commune with her.

*March 28.*

Enjoy your trip to the sunset gates where West Wind sits and watches for Wobun Annung in the blue-black deeps, where I shall yearn for my star to light me on again. So you took the hill and found the curves easier than you thought. Self-reliance is the miracle which conquers difficulties. Indeed, most of the steeps and curves rise and wind only in our own minds. Mind subdues mind. And you determined to get to the top and you got there.

Thanks for the book. I shall read it on Thursday and sigh for our day at the Dunes.

*Later.*

My mind goes like a faithful hound, head down at your precious feet.

*March 29.*

I saw a sunset last evening I would have given a good deal for you to see. It reminded me of that Dupré in the Cleveland gallery—all gold, purple clouds, amber, yellow and saf-

fron. The sun dropping behind clouds down between the hills skirting the Monongahela. A great disc of gold changing tones as the clouds rose—the river like a pool of burnished brass—then copper—then silver. The hills veiled in strange patches of smoke suffused with flame. A most unusual sight. Later, on my return from Dormont, which is on top of the highest hill about Pittsburgh, I saw the river hushed on the bosom of the night.

*Tuesday.*

Snow with you, and your sun here. Spring is in the air this morning. It is so soft, so soothing; the window is wide open, and through a misty veil the sun is pouring in upon the desk. The long letter which came last night seemed like a cloak of snow hiding violets and primroses which would bloom at the touch of a thawing sun.

*April 2d.*

It has been raining heavily. A motor ride had been arranged so that I might get some air in the country. It is too gloomy just now.

But it is April, and the sun may come out again, and give some fine hours before dark.

Isn't it strange? I am as anxious, as eager, as nervous as a boy. I can't write for thinking—thinking a myriad things. My mind has behaved in the most riotous manner since I left on Tuesday. It will not be sedate, amenable to direction. Like a fugitive it flies off to Arizona and it takes sanctuary with you. Then it hies to a room it knows so well and clings to the figure of a lovely woman and begs permission to nestle under the shadow of her heart. It will go with some fresh flowers tomorrow to greet her when she reaches home. It goes now on the wings of a kiss, far away, down the prairie reaches to the sunset hills where you rise higher to meet it nearer the heavens.

*April 4.*

If I am a barometer, then you must be the weather. Indeed, my mercury can be affected by no one else.

*Wednesday morning.*

Why can't we go out together in those close-bowered leaves beyond the village where we went that day when your hair was flying and you looked so happy? Do you remember? I want to go with you and explore the deep undergrowth. My hamadryad, won't you let me come?

*April 7.*

We can do just what we like within the bounds of refinement. What could we do that would be distasteful to our real friends? We do not care for many acquaintances, do we? Our time is far too valuable to bother with the odds and ends of social friendships—our lives are too full of essential things. Is it not so? Why, my dear love, what can the world give us? Nothing—absolutely nothing. It has nothing we want. We are far above it. You have learned, and so have I, to estimate it all at its true value. And now we have entered upon a period of fundamental change why should we not greet the opportunity which presents itself to live our lives in our own way? Who would

dare to question our wisdom? Believe me, sweet inspirer, there is now no one, nothing, presenting an obstacle to our happiness. Indeed, we have overcome, months ago, all difficulties. We overcame the difficulties small natures shy at because we did not let them appear as difficulties. Our love was above all these things which scare the timid, frigid herd. We are conscious of the beauty of our loving and our courage is born of that consciousness and nothing can stand the blinding light of our devotion to each other. Our love has the radiance of the sun; human eyes are not made to look critically on the sun.

*Sunday morning.*

Do tell me about the wild crocus. Wait, you will be known as the pioneer of wild flower gardens! Your fame will spread, and a voluminous correspondence will flow in from all parts on wild flowers and "how to make a garden." We two know how, but our secret will never make a garden for any one else. How I long to get to work! I saw a lot of pretty wild



flowers yesterday, but seeing them from the train is maddening. Whenever I see a newish bloom I feel like calling, "Darling, see!" I must have you at my side to enjoy the effect of things upon you. It is better to see you delighted than to get delight from the flowers.

*April 13.*

I have walked up through the park to the museum. This room is delightfully cool and restful after my roaming about in old paths, turnings and twistings I knew so well twenty-five years ago. It is so warm today only invalids wear overcoats. It is hot in the sun. The daffodils, irises and peonies are up, the daffodils showing buds. And where the gardeners have removed the winter's covering of leaves from beds of herbaceous plants there is a motley showing of many-colored sprouts and shoots. Spikelets glisten in the sun, and some trees have taken on their silvery veils to hide the black garb of their branches.

*April 15.*

You cannot tell what it means to me to find a companion who loves the fields, the woods, the wild flowers. When did I have a mate who could speak the woodland language? Who in my life, since boyhood, could interest me in all the leafy wonders of plants? Why, you are more in touch with the beauty of nature than any woman I have known. The Dunes—what a day of revelation! The first run up to the lake—that day in the wood, when we gathered roots, when long-stemmed violets smiled up into your lovely eyes. I do not remember anyone standing with me deep in contemplation of colour-changing skies at eve. All these joys of my youth you brought back to me. And how long since I devoted hours to pictures? Twelve years—saving a few odd days now and then at the Tate Gallery. And I used to know pictures and love them so well. Oh, the dross of political life: the blundering stupidity of it all. But that is ended. My youth is renewed; beauty is come again into my life, ushered in by my beloved who is beautiful and noble. Who sent

me day after day to the Metropolitan last spring? My beloved. With love in my heart and hope in my breast I saw with other eyes the glory of Rodin's work. His art being born of love was clear to me who saw it with a lover's eyes. Your tenderness helped me to translate the tenderness of Rodin. Who sent me in search of American landscapists,—Wyant, Murphy, Blakelock, Inness, Foster? Who but you, dear love? Then think of the symphony, then of the opera, of the Ring. Twelve long years in banishment, deprived of all the art I loved so well. And you, you, my mate, brought all the good things back. Books—the books I know! You love them too. And who ever read to me? It is a fairy dream too good for mortal experience! Nothing but love could work miracles like these. The wonderful world of mind and art, which I thought had passed away for me, exists again. You recreate it, fill it with beauty and light, and say, "Look, enjoy it once again."

*Later.*

A year of consummate happiness—what have I crowded into it? I have lived. Despair is forgotten; the pain of longing is past. She fills my cup with the red wine of joy flowing from her heart. I have drunk of her loveliness and basked in the sunshine of her beauty. Hope unfolds a world of glory to me; the rose spreading its petals open under morning's sun is not more fair than hope is now to me. She lifts me up and bids me live in the light of her radiance. She is grace and charm, mirth and wisdom. She is joy, my inspiration, and my dream well realized. Loving her has brought me back to God. His mercy and forgiveness are in her hands; she touches me and I am absolved. I shall live to worship her; henceforth my joy shall be her happiness, my aim to win her praise, my deep desire to make myself worthy of her glorious love.

*April 22d.*

It is a warm, clear, sunny day—a perfect herald of spring. In the country the smell of

resinous buds must be in the air. How it woos me, tempts me, to rush off into the stirring woods. I know a lane far up the Hudson, not far from Nyack, where it is easy to lose one's self in a few minutes. It winds up the hills, through colonnades of strong trees, set in rich undergrowth, every now and then giving glimpses of the glinting Hudson flowing down to the sea. This is a day for such a lane; this early day when the responsive earth, warm under the heavy snows, now thawed away, gives birth to the verdure of the earliest flowers. Birds will already be mating; some song perhaps trills in a bush selected for a nest.

*Morning.*

Last night I picked up "Two on a Tower," and read some of it again. Hardy had it from the beginning. But so had all those men who worked in quiet. Of course my life has been turbulent because of the activities I have chosen. Many-sided, nothing good—after all, many-sidedness may be an indication of mediocrity. Still, I have done what I have done without

much help—only George Douglas Brown, I think, spurred me on nearly twenty years ago, at the time when he wrote “The House with the Green Shutters.” Once with Meredith we talked of ideal conditions for literary work, and George said, “No friends, no woman, and some wine.” Cynical, eh? But there was a grain of truth in it so far as he was concerned.

Nevertheless, to do really good work, quiet is absolutely necessary. To advance slowly, surely, making each sentence tell, is the way to get satisfactory work done. Invention! Well, that will never bother me. Invention is my trouble—it is too easy, it comes too swiftly. I used to think only of the material. And now I want form and style.

*April 26.*

I saw some primroses last night, and I thought of you. There is a wood in Shropshire near where I lived as a lad. It is called Paradise. In April the ground is thick with primroses, wild hyacinths, daffodils and violets. I saw you there, knee-deep in flowers, with a slum-



bering sun bathing you in saffron, glinting about your figure in shafty streams of light thrown through the colonnades of trees encased in spring's warm green coat of sap moss.

*Thursday evening.*

I have been in the Museum for three hours. Found a copy of the torso of the Pudici Venus. It is tucked away in a corner. My mind is clearer now. There is nothing like marble for balm—save the symphony, of course. Lord! those Greeks knew beauty in all her forms. What lines! I stood for half an hour before the great Venus and found new beauties. Stand on her right and look across the shoulders and watch the far line rise above the near one. A valley between two gracious hills lies smiling at the lovely shoulders.

*Friday.*

For a long time I stood on the back platform and enjoyed the pure prairie air. The greenwoods and the hills are so tender. How this season penetrates me with its budding un-

folding processes, expressing themselves in numberless forms of beauty! What a delight it would be to be with you now! Just to see the fair reflection pictured in your face. Enjoy it, dear. Take every gift you find. It is spurning the gift of God to deny your soul a natural joy. By the divine law of compensation, pain and sorrow are with us too often for that! Really these things balance; if we kept our accounts we should find in the sum of things that our joys, if we accept them, yield a profit.

*May 2.*

The grass was tintured green yesterday, and the willows are yellow to-day. It is so warm a coat is uncomfortable. All the roads are full of haze, and even the firs are lifting their feathery branches. Warm shadows lie on the gray brown ground, and sunny rays quiver in the thickening trees. Spring is here, and bends, like a tender mother above a slumbering child, over land and sea. Out in the sound a warm mist floats lazily over the calm waters. It is pleasant to-day to look out upon the shore.

There was a time when I responded to this season as quickly as a lilac bud; nothing in the ordinary round of day would have kept me away from the woods and fields.

*May 4.*

I am going out to find a ladyslipper for you if there be one to find. From inquiries I made this morning I discover that the plant is of the orchid family. Maybe there are specimens at Chesterton, the place where the orchids are.

Did you get the lovely laurelstein I found in the market this morning? I gasped when I saw it. The grower told me we could slip it and raise sturdy plants. It is not hardy, but does well outside in summer.

*May 8.*

I had purchased a trowel, for I went in search of a ladyslipper for my darling. I dug up a few roots. Alas, no basket to put them in. Then I searched and searched—hoping and praying, but ignorant of the appearance of the plant. When I was almost heart-sick at my

failure three ladies came by and I asked if they could tell me what a ladyslipper was like. One immediately produced a book and showed me a coloured picture of the plant and bloom. She said she and her companions had not seen one in their pilgrimage. I, however, kept the picture in my eye, thanked them, and pushed on. Whether my further efforts were successful I dare not say positively, but I have what looks like a ladyslipper. The plant I have is not in bloom.

The threatening storm developed swiftly and I had to return. I reached Chesterton just in time. I should have been drenched to the marrow. It was a superb storm. The thunder was ravenously angry, and the lightning sublime. I was amazed at the grandeur of the flashes, so sharp, swift, constant, in their action. The greedy earth, parched for weeks, seemed to swallow without a gulp the cool downpour.

On my way back to Gary I saw a wonderful cloud effect. The storm blazing away to the northeast and the sun setting gloriously in the west. Atmospherically I never saw anything

quite so strange before. The western sky was lovely. Your blue—then saffron, purple, and rich opal clouds drifting round towards the blue and black of the storm.

*Later.*

What a day! Well, too varied, too lovely, in parts, for the banished. But all to the glory of God and my wondrous mate. She, whom I see in every lovely thing that grows, cannot know the idolatry of my heart. How can I tell her? That is impossible. I have told her, told her in words, in actions, in every way I know. But there is much more to tell, much more to do, before she will realize all.

I looked to-day long at one tiny bloom growing alone, and I thought of the courage you have often spoken of. That courage is faith unashamed. The faith you made a poem of. The little flower was no more ashamed of me than I of it. It seemed to say to me, Be all God intended you to be, and you will be true to your own being. It lifted up its head and said, "I bend not to any of my kind. I am what

I am." The lesson smote me hard. How could it be beautiful if it lived on sufferance and took heed of the laws of other flowers? To live it had to choose its soil, its place, its sun and shade and moisture. Brave little flower, you were beautiful because you lived your own life.

It is late. I am subdued, contrite and purged. Sheer exhaustion is good.

*May 14.*

A fruitless search. The place where my young friend saw the ladyslippers last year is all blown over with sand three or four feet deep. This boy lives in a cottage on the Dunes during the summer and knows the locality pretty well. He is familiar with the wild flowers. Unfortunately I had to come in early because of the lecture to-night. Had I been able to stay out he would have taken me to a place two miles away from his cottage where he says there are many orchids. I shall, however, spend the whole of to-morrow in the Dunes. But I shall



have to rely on my own intelligence, as the boy will be at his examinations in school.

Though everything is greener and fresher after the rain, it is cold to-day and sometimes, out of the sun, cheerless; yet the orchards are wonderful, and the woods rich in varied colours. It is a shame you miss this transition, but now I know the roads you might be able to get down here a day next week. There are very fine ferns to gather, shooting-stars in numbers, and the best violets I have seen.

Do you remember the road we took when we got out to dig the ferns? Well, there are fine woods along that way. I counted nine different shades in the foliage colour of one wood. If the sun had been on it I think there would have been more gradations of colour to count.

*Thursday.*

I have seen some beautiful small birds. Tiny things with bright plumage—not wrens or humming-birds. Little things, haunting the brush and not flying high.

It has rained in torrents for hours but now it has cleared. I shall go soon to the Dunes and search all day for your flower.

A luckless day. It has rained in a steady downpour for two hours and the roads are heavy with mud. I wish it would clear up. A man here told me just now it is at least a fortnight too early for ladyslippers. He says the severe winter will keep them back.

*Later.*

Communion with you is sweeter than the benediction of fresh bathed morn with the sun shining on a grove of daphne. My spirit rises from its orison refreshed; it cleaves to the highest stars; its strength is renewed; and the tasks it must essay are overcome. So love like mine for you is at once a blessing and a prayer. Nothing can quench its fire; it glows in the darkest hour, the bitter tears which fall in times of absence cannot dim its lustre. Tears are now only the waters of longing wrung out when I am much alone, but in these tears sweet memories gleam and bid me take heart of grace.

*Friday.*

What a sight the fruit trees are! They will be at their best in a day or two. Will you miss them? Is anything worth such a scene of lavish beauty? As I went along to-day, noting here and there spots we looked upon a few weeks ago, then bare, I thought of the joy, the kindling joy you would express if you were with me. The thorn, a green vision of spring's symmetry, trillium everywhere, phlox in all its regal colour, daintily covering great spaces, like a purple robe flung down for your feet. Beauty everywhere crying out for beauty to come and rejoice in it all.

*May 22.*

The great musician, painter, writer, sculptor, no matter what material trials, no matter what spiritual defeats, has had some one place where work could, continuously, be accomplished. Garret or basement was sufficient, so long as it was the regular place of seclusion. But they who have wrought great things have had the

courage to reject all material gains which would take them away from their real labours.

So long as I have you I have both life and art.

*Monday evening.*

Fate drives me in circumstance towards you. Outside my will events shape themselves to my deepest desire. Do you wonder the ancients deified such happening?

But you—you stand apart like one of the elect, mute, waiting the outcome of the strife. Like Pallas at Troy when neither side knew what she would do to help or destroy. And the fate of Ilium did not depend really on the contestants; Pallas won the final day. So the gods dispose of heroes in the end.

*Wednesday.*

I was wandering along through a heavy-footed hour just now and a thought which often comes to me came again. It was this: I weary her sometimes and I must find out what it is that brings the weariness. I know well enough.

I know what it is to suffer from too much attention,—I was going to say devotion, but that would not be true. Attention is the word. But, darling, what I ask and what I want are poles apart. I know I ask much, so much of your time, but think sometimes that I only ask a fraction of what I want. I am more considerate than you perhaps think.

Another thought which comes so often: If I displeased her, would she let me know? I might unconsciously say and do something which might annoy her.

Then I go back over conversations, letters, actions, and, oh heaven, everything I can remember, searching out some grievance.

All this means I am inclined to turn a very human man full of every known and unknown frailty into a thing born "without sin." And all for you—the last of all women to care a tupenny cuss for an immaculate prig. I am just mad, north and south! You might be a veritable exotic in gossamer the way I think sometimes of you. It is just my downright

consciousness of my own worthlessness which breeds a million fears of losing you, offending you.

Well, I am your sensitive palimpsest which receives all impressions—your look, your breath, your thoughts, your tones. It is nothing but sheer subjection. What am I? Is there any of me left? Not a tatter. You have absorbed me and I am your alter ego—your shadow changing to every change of your way, your mind, your soul.

*June 2.*

Well, darling, the world came to an end and all to no purpose, or rather without physical cause. All the same, it came to an end. But the life-giver put the poor old planet together again and it is doing its duty on its axis just as if its revolutions had never been interrupted for a moment.

I am a whimsy creature—a leaf fluttered by all the winds which gyrate about you. What is to be done with me? I can only hope that you will come to know me and my moods so



well that like an understanding mother you will know what each cry means: a kiss, a look, a touch—your hand.

*Thursday, 11 P. M.*

My soul is like a tranquil pool to-night, and you lie like a pale lily on its surface. Deep down the root is bedded in the hidden ground, spreading a thousand shoots firmly into the recesses of my being.

*Friday morning.*

If I were to tell you the thousand dreams of joy which come to me every day, you would take fright and fly away or remain in the quiet bosom of those flower gardens where their fragrant yellow blossoms would cover you up.

*June 9.*

This has been summer's first real day. What a sublime evening and night! The sky is an eastern dream of many faint blues shimmering in the afterglow of a rosy sun; the stars all trembling as if they were afraid they had made their appearance too soon.

*Monday.*

I am just a chord in a minor of a major key—the discordance colouring all my frenzy. An accidental in a strange grotesque strain. Will you know me or music first? Music, of course; you will never know me, because I am my love for you.

I am full of lyrics these days. My mind, my heart and my soul are full of you. If I were near you! Do you know I am starved? I hope you realize what it means, my love, to starve me.

*Later.*

How I hope you will enjoy every hour of your holiday. I will be Pippa and invoke all good, smiling, God-laden things to greet you everywhere you go, my love. It is very lonely here without you. All this district is so full of memories, poignant when you are away.

*June 14.*

I am niggard and would not share your frown with any one had I my way. Last night I looked deep into your glorious eyes and I

thought, can she know her own power over me? Can she know how I prize her loveliness? Why, you were just a radiant bloom, a girl blushing with new delight. There is no end to the wonderful sum of all your powers which hold me thrall. Your skin and veins they charm—I want to kiss the blue tracery of every vein. I want to feel the velvet tones of your bewitching skin. Then your voice and its rich nuances. Your stories. That doll story, told inimitably, overwhelmed me. Where do you begin? I know there is no end to you. That is why you are so immortal, and may yet in some way immortalize me, your worshipper.

*June 19.*

The band was ready this morning. Better than I expected. I do hope you will like it. With it I send my heart's dear love. It is a golden band without beginning or end. It is a symbol of duration. The letters, too, have no starting, capital or period. Two names are intermixed. There is no inscription; I thought one would be redundant. The letters are their

own rune. My sweet, wear it and know that it represents the circle of my love, always embracing. It is the symbol of my soul. May it always envelop you.

*Saturday.*

My lovely one, it has been so hard to write. "She loves me, she loves me" runs in my mind like a brook in springtime. I went to sleep saying, "She loves me." I woke with the thought, "She loves me." How beautiful it is to listen now to your voice! I can hear quite distinctly the syllables as they fell from your delicious lips. Was ever kind saint so gracious as you were yesterday? I was sick and you made me well. I had been in a very hell of despair and you raised me up to heaven.

I am so tired now. I believe I could go to sleep—and to-night, to-night I shall rest. Oh, my darling, my precious one, how grateful I am. I thought I should die and now "She loves me" I know I shall live. Such is the agony I suffer at times. My very spirit deserts me, leaves me stripped, naked, to all the fears and doubts of

love's anguish. What suffering! No physical pain is like it. There is no real exquisite pain like that I suffer for you. All is void—the heart too heavy to carry. Yes, I staggered about yesterday morning like one drunk.

*Thursday.*

I do not know whether our friendship made me conscious this week of the utter mediocrity of most of the people I met, but never before was I so struck with the middlingness of people. One or two—perhaps four folk stood up above the rest. Now I wonder why it is we permit our lives to be ruled by the mediocre. Surely we do ourselves gross injustice. We reduce our capacities to the level of the conventionalists. Our thought is restricted by the knowledge that they can affect our happiness—and they do affect our happiness so long as we are conscious of their existence. We are not what we should be. Measure the round of life by the proportions of the small and we fit into the scheme set up by the little 'uns. Lord, what a lot of little 'uns there are! Are we or are we not spiritu-

ally and intellectually supreme beings? If we are, then we must express ourselves freely. We must not be corrupted by the notions of our inferiors.

*June 24.*

It is good to be here in the quiet for a little while, though the atmosphere gets at me keenly, and makes me long for a period of rest. How little rest there has been in my life! Well, I suppose it does not matter much about rest so long as one can snatch an hour or two now and then for change of occupation. Rest there is in having various things to do. There is no rest in routine. It is monotony that kills, not exertion. I remember Dusé said to me once that she would die if she heeded the advice of doctors and gave up the stage for a year or two.

*Later.*

Something like jessamine, a sprig of garden mignonette, and one of a purple flower of the same kind, bring thoughts which clear the mind.



10 P. M.

I've been as mad as a grass-eating Ludwig for the past hour about some damnable thing I can't get hold of. A fancy. Something. I'm blest if I know what. Yet a feeling of utter wretchedness gripped me. I'm all right now.

*Tuesday morning.*

Each day gone is one day nearer you. You are mistress of the hours which mean life to me. Bless you! Come back with all the beauty you have stolen from those gardens which can add nothing to your own, only yielding health and freshness to your spirit.

*June 28.*

W., because of his dejection, raised a doubt in my mind as to his intellectual capacity—more, indeed—as to his spiritual strength. Dearest, how rare it is to find a woman or man with courage enough to believe in her or his own soul's strength in hours of conflict! And yet, the secret of spiritual conquest lies just there.

“Rise to thy might, O my soul, when all the world opposes thee.”

Let us believe in ourselves. Only empty creatures place their beliefs in others.

“*Things* must be taken by storm”—yes, absolutely—*things* being the desires and needs of the soul, mind, and body. Let us take things by storm—love, art, and eternity all demand it of us.

*Sunday.*

Who gave to me the power to tell how fair my mind might be could it but work under the influence of your love? Who made me believe I might rise to worthiness and leave a thought behind to gladden all mankind? Worker of miracles—it is you I must thank for these rosy hopes which come to me even now in hours of deep distress. There is nothing but art which feeds on love such as we know and feel is divine. Gratitude wells up in me like a surge of the ocean and lifts me high enough to kiss the fringe of your garment's hem. Love, you have inspired me, thrilled me into new life. How

could I survive without the hope you have instilled into me?

*July 1.*

How I hate this place! You can guess what it has been like since the beginning of June. Böcklin might paint it in the midst of cypresses, and call it the House of Shadows. Five more days and nights, and then—you. Ye Gods, has Pallas lost her wings? Zeus says, "Grin and bear it." Rhadamanthus mocks, "You should have been a lawyer, then you might have enjoyed a brief in hell!"

*Tuesday.*

Every culmination has its finale in you; and every scheme finds its source, its starting-point in you. I shall set to work when you—. And then, I shall wait until you—. So I wear down the days and speed the nights away. As the time draws nearer I become more hopeful. I have been very gloomy, dear, sometimes extremely sad. I've had bad hours.

*Wednesday.*

Waiting, waiting, waiting! I wake to wait and sleep to wait again. You know how absence from you punishes me, but this is cruel. I try to see you, try to hear your voice. I try to call my soul back for company. But it is with you. I am void. If we knew, would we face these tortures? I would—for you.

*6th: 9 in the morning.*

I thought it would be late before my friends would leave last night and I should get away to read the letters in some quiet place. They went away, however, about eleven, and then I retired to my room where I read them over and over again. Again this morning. They are very dear letters; somehow there is a revelation of the woman I know best in their pages. The sweet, confiding, generous one, who came with all her great gifts to me when she saw my eyes beckoning to her. Was there ever in this world any union so spontaneous? I am satisfied; and I shall try to do what you ask. Sometimes when I upbraid you for hiding yourself from

me in your letters, I feel miserably selfish. It is selfish of me. But—then—I shall never be satisfied. I want your every thought. And I need them, every one.

Just the glimpse I had of your letters yesterday on my way to T. must have put new life in me, for I don't think I ever spoke quite so well.

*Friday.*

My mind to-night is very full of another journey out of C. when I was all tears—a wet thing wrung cruelly. I shall never forget it. But what a change now! Why, I go now and take you with me. Then! Dear, dear beauty—there is all the difference between doubting—not knowing—and knowing. Is it not strange? You were mine then, but not as you are now. You gave royally, but not to keep.

I said you were the personification of all those beautiful longings of my life, all those big, noble, heavenly desires which seemed so high above my reach. It is true, beloved. You are the golden bowl in which the gods have poured every delightful aspiration, every sweet joy my

mind might crave. What a miraculous revelation—Nature is the only ever-changing. She makes a desert of a civilization—a people rise up from a desert. She draws a watershed and leaves a parched plain and where no river ran she speeds a thousand rivulets. The mountain rises sheer, rock on rock, and lo, the face of it is changed—the rocks are riven and tumble to the valleys and green ascents and crested pines smile where grim frowning stone looked down before. Yes, she is the ever-changing—in appearance; at heart ever-constant. And so with my beloved. The wonders of her nature ever show the beauties of her moods, but she, the real, the soul of her, is unalterable. She is a progression, her wonders are architectonic, but no climax for long, and never yet anti-climax.

*Tuesday morning.*

I am so glad the plants were put in—they seemed so parched, so thirsty, for want of warm moisture. How vigorous things can be when nature is not kind! You notice the courage of plants, wrestling for life and beauty under dis-



abilities. I love you for that. Let us hope your garden will be a haven of joy to them and that they will find there every reason why they should flourish for you, their friend, their lovely guardian.

*July 15.*

In the valleys here and there great patches of young wheat, so green, among the gray-brown grass lands which mingled finely with the blue grays of the silvery cotton woods, and the pale chromes and greens of the willows. And the calm of it all! The assurance of peace! What a contrast! The hills as mighty as my love for you—as fixed, as adamant, but serenely facing time, hailing the sunrise, bidding it rest, and mingling their peaks in the maze of the starry tracks. Oh, for some of that peace which lies in the shadows of those hills! Will it ever be mine? Your breast is the place where my rest is found; there I know the peace—the only peace I shall ever know.

*Friday.*

We must be together like two inseparable rubies in an indestructible crown. I am not sane without you. You have endowed me with another sense—inexplicable, pathetic, agonizing. The sense of a severed part is the only way I can explain it. A sense that cries bitterly for a master, for a star, a body yearning for a soul. Keep me always in the orbit of your radiance. Lock me up! My love has the key. Only she can let me out, only she can see me, only she can come in and speak. I am her prisoner. So, when I tire you, when you want rest—that will save me from these awful hours, these shattering noons, these terrible spasms of loneliness.

You that can wipe out of mind every torture of a lonely night by giving me one glimpse of your dear face must know how great is the power of your presence on my life. I see your blessed smile and sleepless hours are forgotten. I see the kindly sparkle in your precious eyes and my weariness is gone. I have passed a long night through in sleepless anxiety and

dread, and the moment you appear I am refreshed, re-made. There is more magic in your glance than ever Persian practised in the fragrant gardens of a sun-worshipping king. What can I give in return for the one great hope of my storm-tossed life? Just adoration and enduring love.

Come, day, when I shall know no more the anguish of absence. Come, night, when I shall see that face in sweet sleep's contentment close by me. Beauty is expression, not contour—you have taught me that; and the beauty I have seen is unrivalled in skies of summer's morn or harvest's star-lit eve. Impatient I shall be, and yearn increasingly until you take me to you and press my ear upon your heart there to listen to the rhythm of its beating. Rest! God, I have longed for rest—such rest as only you, my own dear love, can give.

Whence comes this courage to face my task? From you, and you alone. Memories are dear—I could not live without them—but the joy of you has so enveloped me that I can face anything in dread absence which will bring me

sooner to your side to live. It is your strength in loving which gives me strength to go on without you, to plan tasks which will take me away, to look for months ahead to days when I shall not see you, perhaps for many weeks together. And now to-night, in planning work which must be done, courage forsook me, and I became despondent. It seemed so hard that I should say, "This time must be spent away from you, my love."

*Later.*

Each memory bids me go, yet each is sweet enough to make me linger. Memories so lovely come sometimes to break the purpose of my life. Voices of these memories cry out, "Take the joys she holds for you while you may—life is short." Then my whole soul is stirred in deep revolt against my going, bitter resentment sets my nature throbbing in a whirl of dread, all the world is thrust in sudden backward revolution, and I am thrown down helpless, distracted, prone, undone.

*August 7.*

Incomparable girl! Loveliness and tenderness envelop me, you drench me with your charm. How wonderful you were to-day! I passed through the hours like one led by a trusty guide through flowery paths to a promised land. Goodness and grace were born in you. They make the light which strengthens me and beckons me on.

Understanding is rare. In women it is inherent with instinct, but seldom, oh, so seldom shows itself. Perhaps the constant suppression of instinctive yearnings, the long battle they have fought against revelation, is to blame for their seeming lack of deep understanding. But it is not so with you, my darling. You know, intuitively. I find you warm and sympathetic, eager to get in touch with ideas, careful in selecting facts, broad in analysis, and keen to pursue a point to its source or period. It was delightful to listen to you to-day. It is always that, but somehow you excelled yourself. Where you get your clear, direct speech from I don't know, for I have always thought long

practice was necessary to acquire those qualities. Is it love? Love gives me so many qualities I did not heretofore possess, perhaps it is so with you.

I want you where rays come glinting through the branches, where the air is clear and tree crests make a roof for us. You are for the open. Superb woman! Twice I saw you descend a bank thick with trees and undergrowth. You were splendid. There is more strong grace in that torso of yours than is to be found anywhere but in a Greek marble—but yours really, actually lives, breathes, palpitates; it demands direct action. Were you for two moments Diana wandering from the temple of Ephesus—or Artemis searching for wild men to tame and be a carrier of her weapons, Artemis, spirit of the clean air, the goddess who knew woods and birds? No wonder my mind was haunted with Greek forms and symbols. The leaves you trod upon made me think of Thanatos because they died to make a carpet for your feet; Hypnos, because you lay in my arms and closed your eyes, secure and happy in our solitude;



Oneiros, for I dreamed heaven was there, made glorious by my love; then Eros, ever-present love, the beginning and the end of existence for me.

*Tuesday.*

Now we face the time to come with purpose fixed and aim unalterable, I see how right and excellent the unfolding of our lives has been. "These things shall be," John Addington Symonds said, and I feel that with us some law divine has been in operation to bring us together. Joy, beauty and content do not enter in where ill things conspire to change the fretful workings of a sordid day. And tears, pains, and longings are the penalties of deep, abiding love, not the evidences of thwarted desire.

Has there been so much heaven in our lives that we should stand fearful on the threshold and not enter in when the gates would open to our touch? All that is best in us cries out for all that joy and beauty can yield. Alas, it is the superficial and conventional which hold us

back sometimes: the narrow, timid canons of a cramped and cultureless system. Then we are not masters of our fate. My rebellious soul cries out for freedom because of the joys liberty will reveal to it, and I know your soul lives with mine. What I crave you crave, our need is one as our joy is one.

All my past is gone, and you are here. Everything which harnessed me to a drab existence is fallen from me; anew I come to you, and give you all—my life, my mind, my soul. These you accept; small tokens, all I have, in exchange for the splendid gift you have given—your precious love. Darling, what is there to fear? We are not ordinary mortals. We stand so high above the greatest conception of the frigid herd that nothing they say in criticism would matter.

To bow to discredited convention is not the course of honest folk, and to be honest is a duty we first owe to ourselves. Sacrifice and duty, words well-mouthed by parsons, carry other meanings than those tacked on by the modern world. Sacrifice which destroys and

cannot restore is nothing but vandalism, and duty which restricts happiness without effacing sorrow and pain is a senseless negative so little put into practice that contempt follows where it is suggested. Besides, we are conscious of our obligations and these we could not despise.

Remains this one colossal fact: we love. That is the overwhelming matter in all this play of forces driving us on. We love! Love knows no law but that which is its own; inevitable, omnipotent, adamant. Man was never fashioned a being to annul love's own law. It is nature, universal, eternal. And we are the creatures of that law. That law, and that law only, will govern all our days.

THE END











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